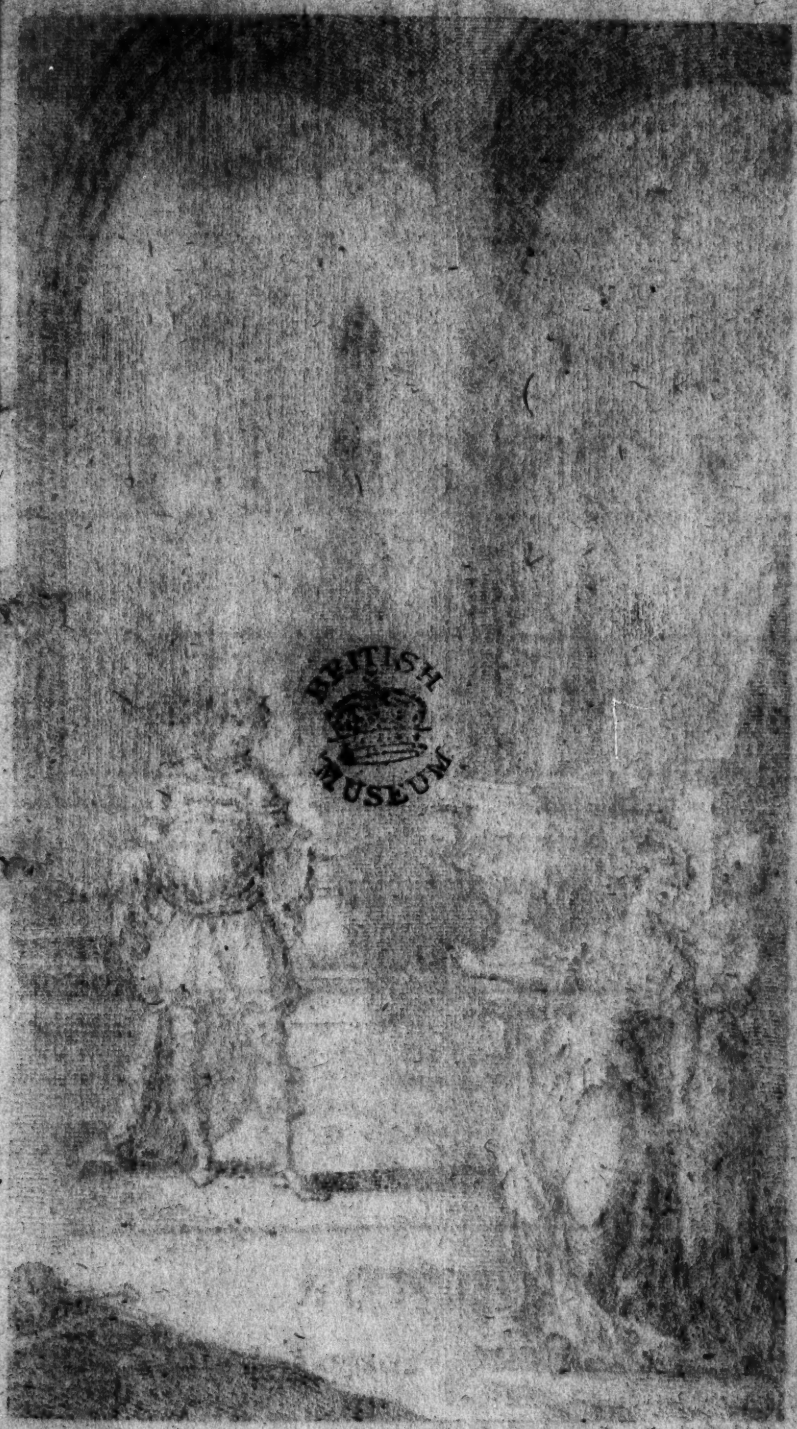
BRITISH MUSEUM

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THE

MOURNING BRIDE.

1486 aa 14
1-6

A

TRAGEDY.

Written by Mr. CONGREVE.

——*Neque enim lex æquior ulla,*
Quàm necis artifices arte perire suâ.
Ovid. de Arte Am.

LONDON:

Printed for J. TONSON: And Sold by W. FEALES at *Rowe's* Head, the Corner of *Essex-Street* in the *Strand.* 1733.

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SEP

To Her Royal Highneſs the

PRINCESS.

MADAM,

THAT high Station, which by Your Birth You hold above the People, exacts from every one, as a Duty, whatever Honours they are capable of paying to Your Royal Highneſs: But that more exalted Place, to which Your Virtues have rais'd You, above the reſt of Princes, makes the Tribute of our Admiration and Praiſe rather a Choice more immediately preventing that Duty.

The Publick Gratitude is ever founded on a Publick Benefit; and what is univerſally bleſs'd, is always an univerſal Bleſſing. Thus from Your Self we derive the Offerings which we bring; and that Incenſe which ariſes to Your Name, only returns to its Original, and but naturally requires the Parent of its Being.

From hence it is that this Poem, conſtituted on a Moral, whoſe End is to recommend and to encourage Virtue, of conſequence has recourſe to Your Royal Highneſs's Patronage; aſpiring to caſt it ſelf beneath Your Feet, and declining Approbation, 'till You ſhall condeſcend to own it, and vouchſafe to ſhine upon it as on a Creature of Your Influence.

'Tis from the Example of Princes that Virtue becomes a Faſhion in the People, for even they who are averſe to Inſtruction, will yet be fond of Imitation.

But there are Multitudes, who never can have Means nor Opportunities of ſo near an Acceſs, as to partake of the Benefit of ſuch Examples. And to theſe, Tragedy, which diſtinguiſhes it ſelf from the vulgar Poetry by the Dignity of its Characters, may be of Uſe and Information. For they who are at that Diſtance from original Greatneſs, as to be deprived of the Happineſs of contemplating the Perfections and real Excellencies of Your Royal Highneſs's Perſon in Your Court, may yet behold ſome ſmall Sketches and Imagings of the Virtues of Your Mind, abſtracted, and repreſented on the Theatre.

Thus

Thus Poets are instructed, and instruct; not alone by Precepts which persuade, but also by Examples which illustrate. Thus is Delight interwoven with Instruction; when not only Virtue is prescrib'd, but also represented.

But if we are delighted with the Liveliness of a feign'd Representation of Great and Good Persons and their Actions, how must we be charm'd with beholding the Persons themselves? If one or two excelling Qualities barely touch'd in the single Action and small Compass of a Play, can warm an Audience, with a Concern and Regard even for the seeming Success and Prosperity of the Actor; with what Zeal must the Hearts of all be fill'd for the continued and increasing Happiness of those, who are the true and living Instances of elevated and persisting Virtue? Even the Vicious themselves must have a secret Veneration for those peculiar Graces and Endowments, which are daily so eminently conspicuous in Your Royal Highness; and though repining, feel a Pleasure which in spite of Envy they per-force approve.

If in this Piece, humbly offer'd to Your Royal Highness, there shall appear the Resemblance of any of those many Excellencies which you so promiscuously possess, to be drawn so as to merit Your least Approbation, it has the End and Accomplishment of its Design. And however imperfect it may be in the Whole, through the Inexperience or Incapacity of the Author, yet, if there is so much as to convince Your Royal Highness, that a Play may be with Industry so dispos'd (in spite of the licentious Practice of the Modern Theatre) as to become sometimes an Innocent,

and not Unprofitable Entertainment; it will abundantly gratify the Ambition, and recompense the Endeavours of,

Your Royal Highness's

Most Obedient, and

Most humbly Devoted Servant,

William Congreve.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Bellamy.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton*.

THE Time has been when Plays were not ſo plenty,
And a leſs Number new would well content ye.
New Plays did then like Almanacks appear;
And One was thought ſufficient for a Year:
Tho' they are more like Almanacks of late;
For in one Year, I think, they're out of Date.
Nor were they without Reaſon join'd together;
For juſt as one prognoſticates the Weather,
How plentiful the Crop, or ſcarce the Grain,
What Peals of Thunder, and what Show'rs of Rain;
So t'other can foretel, by certain Rules,
What Crops of Coxcombs, or what Floods of Fools.
In ſuch like Propheſies were Poets skill'd,
Which now they find in their own Tribe fulfill'd:
The Dearth of Wit, they did ſo long preſage,
Is fall'n on us, and almoſt ſtarves the Stage.
Were you not griev'd, as often as you ſaw
Poor Actors thraſh ſuch empty Sheafs of Straw?
Toiling and lab'ring, at their Lungs Expence,
To ſtart a Jeſt, or force a little Senſe.
Hard Fate for us! ſtill harder in th' Event;
Our Authors Sin, but we alone Repent.

Still

PROLOGUE.

Still they proceed, and, at our Charge, write worse;
'Twere ſome Amends if they could reimburſe:
But there's the Devil, tho' their Cauſe is loſt,
There's no recovering Damages or Coſt.
Good Wits, forgive this Liberty we take,
Since Cuſtom gives the Loſers leave to ſpeak.
But if, provok'd, your dreadful Wrath remains,
Take your Revenge upon the coming Scenes:
For that damn'd Poet's ſpar'd who damns a Brother,
As one Thief 'ſcapes that executes another.
Thus far alone does to the Wits relate;
But from the reſt we hope a better Fate.
To pleaſe and move has been our Poet's Theme,
Art may direct, but Nature is his Aim;
And Nature miſs'd, in vain he boaſts his Art,
For only Nature can affect the Heart.
Then freely judge the Scenes that ſhall enſue,
But as with Freedom, judge with Candour too.
He wou'd not loſe thro' Prejudice his Cauſe;
Nor wou'd obtain precariouſly Applauſe.
Impartial Cenſure he requeſts from all,
Prepar'd, by juſt Decrees to ſtand or fall.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Manuel, the King of *Granada*.	Mr. *Verbruggen*.
Gonsalez, his Favourite.	Mr. *Sanford*.
Garcia, Son to *Gonsalez*.	Mr. *Scudamour*.
Perez, Captain of the Guards.	Mr. *Freeman*.
Alonzo, an Officer, Creature to *Gonsalez*.	Mr. *Arnold*.
Osmyn, a noble Prisoner.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Heli, a Prisoner, his Friend.	Mr. *Bowman*.
Selim, an Eunuch.	Mr. *Baily*.

WOMEN.

Almeria, the Princess of *Granada*.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Zara, a Captive Queen.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Leonora, chief Attendant on the Princess.	Mrs. *Bowman*.

Women, Eunuchs, and Mutes attending Zara, *Guards*, &c.

The SCENE *GRANADA.*

THE

THE MOURNING BRIDE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

The Curtain rising slowly to soft Musick, discovers ALMERIA *in Mourning,* LEONORA *waiting in Mourning.*

After the Musick, ALMERIA *rises from her Chair, and comes forward.*

ALMERIA.

MUSICK has Charms to sooth a savage Breast,
To soften Rocks, or bend a knotted Oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living Souls, have been inform'd,
With magick Numbers and persuasive Sound.
What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
Than Trees, or Flint? O Force of constant Woe!

'Tis

'Tis not in Harmony to calm my Griefs.
Anſelmo ſleeps, and ſo at Peace; laſt Night
The ſilent Tomb receiv'd the good old King;
He and his Sorrows now are ſafely lodg'd
Within its cold, but hoſpitable Boſom.
Why am not I at Peace?

Leon. Dear Madam, ceaſe,
Or moderate your Griefs; there is no Cauſe---

Alm. No Cauſe! Peace, Peace; there is Eternal Cauſe
And Miſery Eternal will ſucceed.
Thou canſt not tell---thou haſt indeed no Cauſe.

Leon. Believe me, Madam, I lament *Anſelmo*,
And always did compaſſionate his Fortune;
Have often wept, to ſee how cruelly
Your Father kept in Chains his Fellow-King:
And oft at Night, when all have been retir'd,
Have ſtol'n from Bed, and to his Priſon crept;
Where, while his Gaoler ſlept, I thro' the Grate
Have ſoftly whiſper'd, and enquir'd his Health;
Sent in my Sighs and Pray'rs for his Deliv'rance;
For Sighs and Pray'rs were all that I could offer.

Alm. Indeed thou haſt a ſoft and gentle Nature,
That thus could'ſt melt to ſee a Stranger's Wrongs.
O *Leonora*, hadſt thou known *Anſelmo*,
How would thy Heart have bled to ſee his Suff'rings?
Thou hadſt no Cauſe, but general Compaſſion.

Leon. Love of my Royal Miſtreſs gave me Cauſe,
My Love of you begot my Grief for him;
For I had heard, that when the Chance of War
Had bleſs'd *Anſelmo*'s Arms with Victory,
And the rich Spoil of all the Field, and you,
The Glory of the whole, were made the Prey
Of his Succeſs; that then, in ſpite of Hate,
Revenge, and that Hereditary Feud
Between *Valentia*'s and *Granada*'s Kings,
He did endear himſelf to your Affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent Ways
His moſt induſtrious Goodneſs cou'd invent;

Propoſi

Proposing by a Match between *Alphonso*
His Son, the brave *Valentia* Prince, and you,
To end the long Dissension, and unite
The jarring Crowns.
Alm. *Alphonso!* O *Alphonso!*
Thou too art quiet---long hast been at Peace---
Both, both---Father and Son are now no more.
Then why am I? O when shall I have Rest?
Why do I live to say you are no more?
Why are all these Things thus?---Is it of Force?
Is there Necessity, I must be miserable?
Is it of moment to the Peace of Heav'n
That I shou'd be afflicted thus?---If not,
Why is it thus contriv'd? Why are things laid
By some unseen Hand, so, as of sure Consequence,
They must to me bring Curses, Grief of Heart,
The last Distress of Life, and sure Despair?
Leon. Alas, you search too far, and think too deeply.
Alm. Why was I carry'd to *Anselmo*'s Court?
Or there, why was I us'd so tenderly?
Why not ill treated, like an Enemy?
For so my Father wou'd have us'd his Child.
O *Alphonso*, *Alphonso!*
Devouring Seas have wash'd thee from my Sight,
No Time shall raise thee from my Memory;
No, I will live to be thy Monument:
The cruel Ocean is no more thy Tomb:
But in my Heart thou art interr'd; there, there,
Thy dear Resemblance is for ever fix'd;
My Love, my Lord, my Husband still, tho' lost.
Leon. Husband! O Heav'ns!
Alm. Alas! What have I said?
My Grief has hurry'd me beyond all Thought.
I wou'd have kept that Secret; though I know
Thy Love and Faith to me deserve all Confidence.
But 'tis the Wretches Comfort still to have
Some small Reserve of near and inward Woe,
Some unsuspected Hoard of darling Grief,

Which

Which they unſeen may wail, and weep and mourn,
And Glutton-like alone devour.
Leon. Indeed
I knew not this.
Alm. O no, thou know'ſt not half,
Know'ſt nothing of my Sorrows---if thou didſt----
If I ſhou'd tell thee, would'ſt thou pity me?
Tell me: I know thou would'ſt, thou art compaſſionate.
Leon. Witneſs theſe Tears.----
Alm. I thank thee---*Leonora*,
Indeed I do, for pitying thy ſad Miſtreſs:
For 'tis, alas, the poor Prerogative
Of Greatneſs, to be wretched and unpitied----
But I did promiſe I wou'd tell thee----What?
My Miſeries? Thou doſt already know 'em:
And when I told thee thou didſt nothing know,
It was becauſe thou didſt not know *Alphonſo*:
For to have known my Loſs, thou muſt have known
His Worth, his Truth, and Tenderneſs of Love.
Leon. The Memory of that brave Prince ſtands fair
In all Report----
And I have heard imperfectly his Loſs;
But fearful to renew your Troubles paſt,
I never did preſume to ask the Story.
Alm. If for my ſwelling Heart I can, I'll tell thee.
I was a welcome Captive in *Valentia*,
E'vn on the Day when *Manuel*, my Father,
Led on his conqu'ring Troops, high as the Gates
Of King *Anſelmo*'s Palace; which in Rage,
And Heat of War, and dire Revenge, he fir'd.
The good King flying to avoid the Flames,
Started amidſt his Foes, and made Captivity
His fatal Refuge----Wou'd that I had fall'n
Amid thoſe Flames---but 'twas not ſo decreed.
Alphonſo, who foreſaw my Father's Cruelty,
Had born the Queen and me on board a Ship
Ready to ſail; and when this News was brought
We put to Sea; but being betray'd by ſome

ho knew our Flight, we clofely were purſu'd,
d almoſt taken; when a ſudden Storm
ove us, and thoſe that follow'd, on the Coaſt
Africk: There our Veſſel ſtruck the Shore,
d bulging 'gainſt a Rock was daſh'd in Pieces,
t Heav'n ſpar'd me for yet much more Affliction!
onducting them who follow'd us, to ſhun
he Shoal, and ſave me floating on the Waves,
hile the good Queen and my *Alphonſo* periſh'd.

Leon. Alas! Were you then wedded to *Alphonſo*?

Alm. That Day, that fatal Day, our Hands were join'd;
or when my Lord beheld the Ship purſuing,
nd ſaw her Rate ſo far exceeding ours,
e came to me, and begg'd me by my Love,
wou'd conſent the Prieſt ſhou'd make us one;
hat whether Death or Victory enſu'd,
might be his, beyond the Power of future Fate.
The Queen too did aſſiſt his Suit —— I granted;
And in one Day, was wedded, and a Widow.

Leon. Indeed 'twas mournful ——.

Alm. 'Twas —— as I have told thee ——
For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change theſe black and diſmal Robes,
Or ever dry theſe ſwoln and watry Eyes;
Or ever taſte Content, or Peace of Heart,
While I have Life, and Thought of my *Alphonſo*.

Leon. Look down, good Heav'n, with Pity on her Sorrows,
And grant that Time may bring her ſome Relief.

Alm. O no! Time gives Increaſe to my Afflictions.
The circling Hours, that gather all the Woes,
Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving Year,
Come, heavy-laden with th'oppreſſing Weight,
To me; with me, ſucceſſively, they leave
The Sighs, the Tears, the Grones, the reſtleſs Cares,
And all the Damps of Grief, that did retard their Flight;
They ſhake their downy Wings, and ſcatter all
The dire collected Dews on my poor Head;

Then

Then fly with Joy and Swiftness from me.

Leon. Hark!
The distant Shouts proclaim your Father's Triumph;
O ceaſe, for Heaven's ſake, aſſuage a little
This Torrent of your Grief; for much I fear
'Twill urge his Wrath, to ſee you drown'd in Tears,
When Joy appears in ev'ry other Face.

Alm. And Joy he brings to ev'ry other Heart,
But double, double Weight of Woe to mine;
For with him *Garcia* comes — *Garcia*, to whom
I muſt be ſacrific'd, and all the Vows
I gave my dear *Alphonſo* baſely broken.
No, it ſhall never be, for I will die;
Firſt, die ten thouſand Deaths. — Look down, look down,
Alphonſo, hear the ſacred Vow I make; [*Kneels.*
One Moment, ceaſe to gaze on perfect Bliſs,
And bend thy glorious Eyes to Earth and me;
And thou *Anſelmo*, if yet thou art arriv'd
Thro' all Impediments of purging Fire,
To that bright Heav'n, where my *Alphonſo* reigns,
Behold thou alſo, and attend my Vow.
If ever I do yield, or give Conſent,
By any Action, Word or Thought, to wed
Another Lord; may then juſt Heav'n ſhow'r down
Unheard-of Curſes on me, greater far
(If ſuch there be in angry Heav'n's Vengeance)
Than any I have yet endur'd. — And now [*Riſing.*
My Heart has ſome Relief, having ſo well
Diſcharg'd this Debt, incumbent on my Love.
Yet, one thing more I wou'd engage from thee.

Leon. My Heart, my Life and Will, are only yours.

Alm. I thank thee. 'Tis but this; anon, when all
Are wrap'd and buſied in the general Joy,
Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
Steal forth, to viſit good *Anſelmo*'s Tomb.

Leon. Alas! I fear ſome fatal Reſolution.

Alm.

Alm. No, on my Life, my Faith, I mean no Ill,
Or Violence.---I feel my Self more light,
And more at large, since I have made this Vow.
Perhaps I would repeat it there more solemnly,
'Tis that, or some such melancholy Thought,
Upon my Word, no more.
Leon. I will attend you.

SCENE II.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, ALONZO.

Alon. THE Lord *Gonsalez* comes to tell your Highness,
The King is just arriv'd. [Exit Alon.
Alm. Conduct him in.
That's his Pretence; his Errand is, I know,
To fill my Ears with *Garcia's* valiant Deeds,
And gild and magnify his Son's Exploits.
But I am arm'd with Ice around my Heart,
Not to be warm'd with Words, or idle Eloquence.

SCENE III.

GONSALEZ, ALMERIA, LEONORA.

Gon. BE ev'ry Day of your long Life like this.
The Sun, bright Conquest, and your brighter Eyes,
Have all conspir'd to blaze promiscuous Light,
And bless this Day with most unequal'd Lustre.
Your Royal Father, my victorious Lord,
Loaden with Spoils, and ever-living Laurel,
Is entring now in Martial Pomp the Palace.
Five hundred Mules precede his solemn March,
Which grone beneath the Weight of *Moorish* Wealth.
Chariots of War, adorn'd with glittering Gems,
Succeed; and next, a hundred neighing Steeds,

White

White as the fleecy Rain on *Alpine* Hills;
That bound and foam, and champ the golden Bit,
As they diſdain'd the Victory they grace.
Priſoners of War in ſhining Fetters follow;
And Captains of the nobleſt Blood of *Africk*
Sweat by his Chariot Wheel, and lick and grind,
With gnaſhing Teeth, the Duſt his Triumphs raiſe.
The ſwarming Populace ſpread every Wall,
And cling, as if with Claws they did enforce
Their Hold, thro' clifted Stones, ſtretching and ſtaring,
As if they were all Eyes, and every Limb
Would feed its Faculty of Admiration.
While you alone retire, and ſhun this Sight;
This Sight, which is indeed not ſeen (tho' twice
The Multitude ſhould gaze) in abſence of your Eyes.

Alm. My Lord, my Eyes ungratefully behold
The gilded Trophies of exterior Honours.
Nor will my Ears be charm'd with ſounding Words,
Or pompous Phraſe; the Pageantry of Souls.
But that my Father is return'd in Safety,
I bend to Heav'n with Thanks.

Gonſ. Excellent Princeſs!
But 'tis a Task unfit for my weak Age,
With dying Words, to offer at your Praiſe.
Garcia, my Son, your Beauty's loweſt Slave,
Has better done; in proving with his Sword
The Force and Influence of your matchleſs Charms.

Alm. I doubt not of the Worth of *Garcia*'s Deeds,
Which had been brave, tho' I had ne'er been born.

Leon. Madam, the King. [*Flouriſh.*

Alm. My Women. I wou'd meet him.

[*Attendants to* Almeria *enter in Mourning.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

hony of Warlike Muſick. Enter the King, attended by arcia and ſeveral Officers. Files of Priſoners in Chains, d Guards, who are ranged in Order round the Stage. meria meets the King, and kneels; afterwards Gonſalez *eels and kiſſes the King's Hand, while* Garcia *does the me to the Princeſs.*

KING.

Lmeria, riſe---- My beſt *Gonſalez*, riſe.
What, Tears! my good old Friend.----
nſ. But Tears of Joy.
ve me, Sir, to ſee you thus has fill'd
Eyes with more Delight than they can hold.
ing. By Heav'n thou lov'ſt me, and I'm pleas'd thou doſt;
it for Thanks, old Man, that I rejoice
ſee thee weep on this Occaſion ---ſome
are, who ſeem to mourn at our Succeſs!
is't, *Almeria*, that you meet our Eyes,
n this ſolemn Day, in theſe ſad Weeds?
ppoſition to my Brightneſs, you
yours are all like Daughters of Affliction.
lm. Forgive me, Sir, if I in this offend.
Year, which I have vow'd to pay to Heav'n,
Mourning and ſtrict Life, for my Deliverance
m Wreck and Death, wants yet to be expired.
King. Your Zeal to Heav'n is great, ſo is your Debt:
ſomething too is due to me, who gave
t Life, which Heav'n preſerv'd. A Day beſtow'd
Filial Duty, had aton'd and given
Diſpenſation to your Vow----No more.
vas weak and wilful---and a Woman's Error.
---upon Thought, it doubly wounds my Sight,
ſee that Sable worn upon the Day

Sor-

Succeeding that, in which our deadlieſt Foe,
Hated *Anſelmo*, was interr'd --- By Heav'n,
It looks as thou didſt mourn for him: Juſt ſo,
Thy ſenſeleſs Vow appear'd to bear its Date,
Not from that Hour wherein thou wert preſerv'd,
But that wherein the curs'd *Alphonſo* periſh'd.
Ha! What? thou doſt not weep to think of that?

Gonſ. Have Patience, Royal Sir; the Princeſs weeps
To have offended you. If Fate decreed,
One pointed Hour ſhould be *Alphonſo*'s Loſs,
And her Deliverance; is ſhe to blame?

King. I tell thee ſhe's to blame, not to have feaſted
When my firſt Foe was laid in Earth, ſuch Enmity,
Such Deteſtation, bears my Blood to his;
My Daughter ſhould have revell'd at his Death,
She ſhould have made theſe Palace Walls to ſhake,
And all this high and ample Roof to ring
With her Rejoicings. What, to mourn, and weep;
Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve? By Heav'n,
There's not a Slave, a ſhackled Slave of mine,
But ſhould have ſmil'd that Hour, through all his Care,
And ſhook his Chains in Tranſport and rude Harmony.

Gonſ. What ſhe has done, was in Exceſs of Goodne
Betray'd by too much Piety, to ſeem
As if ſhe had offended. --- Sure, no more.

King. To ſeem is to commit, at this Conjuncture.
I wo' not have a ſeeming Sorrow ſeen
To-day. --- Retire, diveſt your ſelf, with Speed
Of that offenſive Black; on me be all
The Violation of your Vow: For you,
It ſhall be your Excuſe, that I command it.

Gar. [*Kneeling.*] Your Pardon, Sir, if I preſume ſo f
As to remind you of your gracious Promiſe.

King. Riſe, *Garcia* --- I forgot. Yet ſtay, *Almeria*.

Alm. My boding Heart! --- What is your Pleaſure, Sir

King. Draw near, and give your Hand; and, *Garci*
yours:
Receive this Lord, as one whom I have found
Worth

…y to be your Husband, and my Son.
…. Thus let me kneel to take---O not to take---
…o devote, and yield my self for ever
Slave and Creature of my Royal Mistress.
…nſ. O let me proſtrate pay my worthleſs Thanks---
…g. No more; my Promiſe long ſince paſs'd, thy Ser-
vices,
Garcia's well try'd Valour, all oblige me.
Day we triumph; but to-morrow's Sun,
…a. ſhall ſhine to grace thy Nuptials---
…m. Oh! [*Faints.*
…r. She faints! help to ſupport her.
…nſ. She recovers.
…g. A Fit of Bridal Fear. How is't, *Almeria*?
…m. A ſudden Chilneſs ſeizes on my Spirits.
Leave, Sir, to retire.
…ing. Garcia, conduct her.
[Garcia *leads* Almeria *to the Door, and returns.*
…idle Vow hangs on her Woman's Fears.
…ave a Prieſt ſhall preach her from her Faith,
…make it Sin, not to renounce that Vow
…ch I'd have broken. Now, what would *Alonzo*?

SCENE V.

…ING, GONSALEZ, GARCIA, ALONZO, *Attendants.*

…nzo. YOUR beauteous Captive, *Zara*, is arriv'd,
And with a Train as if ſhe ſtill were Wife
…*Albucacim*, and the *Moor* had conquer'd.
King. It is our Will ſhe ſhould be ſo attended.
…ar hence theſe Priſoners. *Garcia*, which is he,
… whoſe mute Valour you relate ſuch Wonders?
[*Priſoners led off.*
Gar. Oſmyn, who led the *Mooriſh* Horſe; but he,
…reat Sir, at her Requeſt, attends on *Zara*.

King.

King. He is your Priſoner; as you pleaſe diſpoſe him.
Gar. I would oblige him, but he ſhuns my Kindneſs;
And with a haughty Mien, and ſtern Civility,
Dumbly declines all Offers: If he ſpeak,
'Tis ſcarce above a Word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did diſdain to talk;
At leaſt, to talk where he muſt not command.
King. Such Sullenneſs, and in a Man ſo brave,
Muſt have ſome other Cauſe than his Captivity.
Did *Zara*, then, requeſt he might attend her?
Gar. My Lord, ſhe did.
King. That, join'd with his Behaviour,
Begets a Doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd; perhaps
Her Chains hang heavier on him than his own.

SCENE VI.

KING, GONSALEZ, GARCIA, ALONZO, ZAI *and* OSMYN *bound, conducted by* PEREZ *and a Guar and attended by* SELIM *and ſeveral Mutes and Eunuc in a Train.*

King. WHAT Welcome, and what Honours, beauteo *Zara*,
A King and Conqueror can give, are yours.
A Conqueror indeed, where you are won;
Who with ſuch Luſtre ſtrike admiring Eyes,
That had our Pomp been with your Preſence grac'd,
Th' expecting Crowd had been deceiv'd; and ſeen
Their Monarch enter not Triumphant, but
In pleaſing Triumph led; your Beauty's Slave.
Zara. If I on any Terms could condeſcend
To like Captivity, or think thoſe Honours,
Which Conquerors in courteſy beſtow,
Of equal Value with unborrow'd Rule,
And Native Right, to Arbitrary Sway;

I might

ight be pleas'd, when I behold this Train
th uſual Homage wait. But when I feel
eſe Bonds, I look with loathing on my ſelf;
d ſcorn vile Slavery, tho' doubly hid
eath Mock-Praiſes, and diſſembled State.
King. Thoſe Bonds! 'Twas my Command you ſhould be free.
w durſt you, *Perez*, diſobey?
Perez. Great Sir,
ur Order was, ſhe ſhould not wait your Triumph;
at ſome Diſtance follow, thus attended.
King. 'Tis falſe; 'twas more; I bid ſhe ſhould be free:
not in Words, I bid it by my Eyes.
Eyes did more than bid----Free her and hers
h Speed---yet ſtay---my Hands alone can make
Reſtitution here----Thus I releaſe you,
d by releaſing you enſlave my ſelf.
Zara. Such Favours ſo conferr'd, tho' when unſought,
ſerve Acknowledgment from noble Minds.
ch Thanks, as one hating to be oblig'd----
t hating more Ingratitude, can pay,
ffer.
King. Born to excel, and to command!
by tranſcendent Beauty to attract
Eyes, ſo by Preeminence of Soul
rule all Hearts.
rcia, what's he, who with contracted Brow,
[*Beholding* Oſmyn *as they unbind him.*
d ſullen Port, glooms downward with his Eyes;
once regardleſs of his Chains, or Liberty?
Gar. That, Sir, is he of whom I ſpoke; that's *Oſmyn*.
King. He anſwers well the Character you gave him.
hence comes it, valiant *Oſmyn*, that a Man
great in Arms, as thou art ſaid to be,
hardly can endure Captivity,
he common Chance of War?
Oſm. Becauſe Captivity
s robb'd me of a dear and juſt Revenge.

King. I understand not that.

Osm. I would not have you.

Zara. That Galant *Moor* in Battle lost a Friend,
Whom more than Life he lov'd; and the Regret,
Of not revenging on his Foes that Loss,
Has caus'd this Melancholy and Despair.

King. She does excuse him; 'tis as I suspected. [*To* Gonz.

Gonz. That Friend may be her self; seem not to heed
His arrogant Reply: She looks concern'd.

King. I'll have Enquiry made; perhaps his Friend
Yet lives, and is a Prisoner. His Name?

Zara. Heli.

King. Garcia, that Search shall be your Care;
It shall be mine to pay Devotion here;
At this fair Shrine to lay my Laurels down,
And raise Love's Altar on the Spoils of War.
Conquest and Triumph, now, are mine no more;
Nor will I Victory in Camps adore:
For, ling'ring there, in long suspence she stands,
Shifting the Prize in unresolving Hands:
Unus'd to wait, I broke through her Delay,
Fix'd her by Force, and snatch'd the doubtful Day.
Now, late I find that War is but her Sport;
In Love the Goddess keeps her awful Court:
Fickle in Fields, unsteadily she flies,
But Rules with settled Sway in *Zara*'s Eyes.

The End of the First Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Repreſenting the Iſle of a Temple.

GARCIA, HELI, PEREZ.

GARCIA.

THIS Way, we're told, *Oſmyn* was ſeen to walk;
Chooſing this lonely Manſion of the Dead,
To mourn, brave *Heli*, thy miſtaken Fate.

Heli. Let Heav'n with Thunder to the Centre ſtrike me,
o ariſe in very deed from Death,
d to reviſit with my long-clos'd Eyes
is living Light, cou'd to my Soul, or Senſe,
ford a Thought, or ſhow a Glimpſe of Joy,
leaſt Proportion to the vaſt Delight
eel, to hear of *Oſmyn*'s Name; to hear
at *Oſmyn* lives, and I again ſhall ſee him.

Gar. I've heard, with admiration of your Friendſhip.

Per. Yonder, my Lord, behold the noble *Moor*.

Heli. Where? where?

Gar. I ſaw him not, nor any like him-----

Per. I ſaw him when I ſpoke, thwarting my View,
nd ſtriding with diſtemper'd haſte; his Eyes
eem'd Flame, and flaſh'd upon me with a Glance?
hen forward ſhot their Fires, which he purſu'd,
s to ſome Object frightful, yet not fear'd.

Gar. Let's haſte to follow him, and know the Cauſe.

Heli. My Lord, let me intreat you to forbear;
eave me alone, to find and cure the Cauſe.
know his Melancholy, and ſuch Starts
re uſual to his Temper. It might raiſe him
o act ſome Violence upon himſelf,
o to be caught in an unguarded Hour,
And when his Soul gives all her Paſſions way,
ecure and looſe in friendly Solitude.

I know his Noble Heart would burſt with Shame,
To be ſurpris'd by Strangers in its Frailty.

Gar. Go, gen'rous *Heli*, and relieve your Friend.
Far be it from me, officiouſly to pry
Or preſs upon the Privacies of others.

SCENE II.

GARCIA, PEREZ.

GARCIA.

PEREZ, the King expects from our Return
To have his Jealouſy confirm'd, or clear'd,
Of that appearing Love which *Zara* bears
To *Oſmyn*; but ſome other Opportunity
Muſt make that plain.

Per. To me 'twas long ſince plain,
And ev'ry Look from him and her confirms it.

Gar. If ſo, Unhappineſs attends their Love,
And I cou'd pity 'em. I hear ſome coming.
The Friends perhaps are met; let us avoid 'em.

SCENE III.

ALMERIA, LEONORA.

ALMERIA.

IT was a fanſy'd Noiſe, for all is huſh'd.

Leon. It bore the Accent of a human Voice.

Alm. It was thy Fear, or elſe ſome tranſient Wind
Whiſtling thro' Hollows of this vaulted Iſle.
We'll liſten------

Leon. Hark!

Alm. No, all is huſh'd, and ſtill as Death.—'Tis dreadful!
How reverend is the Face of this tall Pile,
Whoſe ancient Pillars rear their Marble Heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous Roof,

By

By its own Weight made ſtedfaſt and immoveable,
Looking Tranquillity. It ſtrikes an Awe
And Terror on my aking Sight; the Tombs
And Monumental Caves of Death look cold,
And ſhoot a Chilneſs to my trembling Heart.
Give me thy Hand, and let me hear thy Voice;
Nay, quickly ſpeak to me, and let me hear
Thy Voice----my own affrights me with its Echoes.

Leon. Let us return; the Horror of this Place
And Silence, will increaſe your Melancholy.

Alm. It may my Fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; ſhew me *Anſelmo*'s Tomb,
Lead me o'er Bones and Skulls and mould'ring Earth
Of human Bodies; for I'll mix with them,
Or wind me in the Shroud of ſome pale Coarſe
Yet green in Earth, rather than be the Bride
Of *Garcia*'s more deteſted Bed: That Thought
Exerts my Spirits; and my preſent Fears
Are loſt in dread of greater Ill. Then ſhew me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown: Lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my Vows again
To him, to Heav'n, and my *Alphonſo*'s Soul.

Leon. I go; but Heaven can tell with what Regret.

SCENE IV.

The SCENE *opening diſcovers a Place of Tombs. One Monument fronting the View greater than the reſt.*

HELI.

I Wander thro' this Maze of Monuments,
Yet cannot find him----Hark! ſure 'tis the Voice
Of one complaining----There it ſounds----I'll follow it.

SCENE V.

ALMERIA, LEONORA.

LEONORA.

BEhold the Sacred Vault, within whose Womb
The poor Remains of good *Anſelmo* reſt;
Yet freſh and unconſum'd by Time or Worms.
What do I ſee? O Heaven! either my Eyes
Are falſe, or ſtill the Marble Door remains
Unclos'd; the Iron Grates that lead to Death
Beneath, are ſtill wide ſtretch'd upon their Hinge,
And ſtaring on us with unfolded Leaves.

Alm. Sure 'tis the friendly Yawn of Death for me;
And that dumb Mouth, ſignificant in Show,
Invites me to the Bed where I alone
Shall reſt; ſhews me the Grave, where Nature, weary,
And long oppreſs'd with Woes and bending Cares,
May lay the Burden down, and ſink in Slumbers
Of Peace Eternal. Death, grim Death, will fold
Me in his leaden Arms, and preſs me cloſe
To his cold clayie Breaſt: My Father then
Will ceaſe his Tyranny; and *Garcia* too
Will fly my pale Deformity with loathing.
My Soul, enlarg'd from its vile Bonds, will mount,
And range the Starry Orbs, and Milky Ways,
Of that refulgent World, where I ſhall ſwim
In liquid Light, and float on Seas of Bliſs
To my *Alphonſo*'s Soul. O Joy too great!
O Ecſtaſy of Thought! Help me, *Anſelmo*;
Help me, *Alphonſo*; take me, reach thy Hand;
To thee, to thee I call, to thee *Alphonſo*:
● *Alphonſo!*

SCENE VI.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN *aſcending from the Tomb*

OSMYN.

WHO calls that wretched Thing that was *Alphonſo*?
Alm. Angels, and all the Hoſt of Heav'n, ſupport me!
Oſm. Whence is that Voice, whoſe Shrillneſs, from the [Grave,
nd growing to his Father's Shrowd, roots up
lphonſo?
Alm. Mercy! Providence! O ſpeak,
peak to it quickly, quickly; ſpeak to me,
omfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
eonora, in thy Boſom, from the Light,
nd from my Eyes.
Oſm. Amazement and Illuſion!
ivet and nail me where I ſtand, ye Powr's; [*Coming forward.*
hat motionleſs I may be ſtill deceiv'd.
et me not ſtir, nor breathe, leſt I diſſolve
hat tender, lovely Form of painted Air,
o like *Almeria*. Ha! it ſinks, it falls;
'll catch it ere it goes, and graſp her Shade.
'Tis Life! 'tis warm! 'tis ſhe! 'tis ſhe her ſelf!
Nor Dead, nor Shade, but breathing and alive!
t is *Almeria*, 'tis, it is my Wife!

SCENE VII.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN, HELI.

LEONORA.

ALAS, ſhe ſtirs not yet, nor lifts her Eyes;
He too is fainting----Help me, help me, Stranger,
Who-e'er thou art, and lend thy Hand to raiſe
Theſe Bodies.
Heli. Ha! 'tis he! and with *Almeria*!
O Miracle of Happineſs! O Joy
Unhop'd for! does *Almeria* live!

Osm. Where is she?
Let me behold and touch her, and be sure
'Tis she; shew me her Face, and let me feel
Her Lips with mine----'Tis she, I'm not deceiv'd;
I taste her Breath, I warm'd her and am warm'd.
Look up, *Almeria*, bless me with thy Eyes;
Look on thy Love, thy Lover, and thy Husband.
Alm. I've sworn I'll not wed *Garcia*; why d'ye force me?
Is this a Father?
Osm. Look on thy *Alphonso*,
Thy Father is not here, my Love, nor *Garcia*:
Nor am I what I seem, but thy *Alphonso*.
Wilt thou not know me? Hast thou then forgot me?
Hast thou thy Eyes, yet can'st not see *Alphonso*?
Am I so alter'd, or art thou so chang'd,
That seeing my Disguise, thou seest not me?
Alm. It is, it is *Alphonso*; 'tis his Face,
His Voice, I know him now, I know him all.
O take me to thy Arms, and bear me hence,
Back to the Bottom of the boundless Deep,
To Seas beneath, where thou so long has dwelt.
O how hast thou return'd? How hast thou charm'd
The Wildness of the Waves and Rocks to this?
That thus relenting, they have giv'n thee back
To Earth, to Light and Life, to Love and me.
Osm. O I'll not ask, nor answer how, or why
We both have backward trod the Paths of Fate,
To meet again in Life; to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any Circumstance
Or Means by which I have thee-- ----
To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy Lips,
And gaze upon thy Eyes, is so much Joy,
I have not Leisure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle Time in thinking.
Alm. Stay a while-----
Let me look on thee, yet a little more.
Osm. What would'st thou? thou dost put me from thee.
Alm. Yes.

Osm.

Osm. And why? What doſt thou mean? Why doſt thou
gaze ſo?
Alm. I know not; 'tis to ſee thy Face. I think----
is too much! too much to bear and live!
ſee him thus again is ſuch Profuſion
Joy, of Bliſs----I cannot bear----I muſt
mad-----I cannot be tranſported thus.
Osm. Thou Excellence, thou Joy, thou Heav'n of Love!
Alm. Where haſt thou been? and how art thou alive?
w is all this? All-powerful Heav'n, what are we!
my ſtrain'd Heart----let me again behold thee,
I weep to ſee thee----Art thou not paler?
ch, much; how thou art chang'd!
Osm. Not in my Love.
Alm. No, no, thy Griefs, I know, have done this to thee:
ou haſt wept much, *Alphonſo*; and, I fear,
o much, too tenderly lamented me.
Osm. Wrong not my Love, to ſay too tenderly.
o more, my Life; talk not of Tears or Grief;
fliction is no more, now thou art found.
hy doſt thou weep, and hold thee from my Arms,
y Arms which ake to hold thee faſt, and grow
o thee with twining? Come, come to my Heart.
Alm. I will, for I ſhould never look enough.
hey would have marry'd me; but I had ſworn
o Heav'n and thee, and ſooner wou'd have dy'd----
Osm. Perfection of all Faithfulneſs and Love!
Alm. Indeed I wou'd----Nay, I wou'd tell thee all,
f I cou'd ſpeak; how I have mourn'd and pray'd;
For I have pray'd to thee, as to a Saint:
And thou haſt heard my Prayer; for thou art come
To my Diſtreſs, to my Deſpair, which Heav'n
Could only by reſtoring thee have cur'd.
Osm. Grant me but life, good Heav'n, but length of Days,
To pay ſome Part, ſome little of this Debt,
This countleſs Sum of Tenderneſs and Love,
For which I ſtand engag'd to this All-Excellence:
Then bear me in a Whirlwind to my Fate,

Snatch me from Life, and cut me ſhort unwarn'd;
Then, then 'twill be enough-----I ſhall be old,
I ſhall have liv'd beyond all *Æra's* then
Of yet unmeaſur'd Time; when I have made
This exquiſite, this moſt amazing Goodneſs,
Some Recompence of Love and matchleſs Truth.

Alm. 'Tis more than Recompence, to ſee thy Face:
If Heav'n is greater Joy it is no Happineſs,
For 'tis not to be born-----What ſhall I ſay?
I have a thouſand things to know, and ask,
And ſpeak----That thou art here, beyond all Hope,
All Thought; that all at once thou art before me,
And with ſuch Suddenneſs has hit my Sight,
Is ſuch Surpriſe, ſuch Myſtery, ſuch Ecſtaſy!
It hurries all my Soul, and ſtuns my Senſe.
Sure from thy Father's Tomb thou didſt ariſe!

Oſm. I did; and thou, my Love didſt call me; thou.

Alm. True; but how cam'ſt thou there? Wert thou alone?

Oſm. I was, and lying on my Father's Lead,
When broken Echoes of a diſtant Voice
Diſturb'd the ſacred Silence of the Vault,
In Murmurs round my Head. I roſe and liſtned,
And thought I heard thy Spirit call *Alphonſo*;
I thought I ſaw thee too; but O, I thought not
That I indeed ſhould be ſo bleſt to ſee thee-----

Alm. But ſtill, how cam'ſt thou hither? How thus?---Ha!
What's he, who like thy ſelf is ſtarted here
E'er ſeen?

Oſm. Where? ha! What do I ſee? *Antonio?*
I'm fortunate indeed-----my Friend too, ſafe!

Heli. Moſt happily, in finding you thus bleſs'd.

Alm. More Miracles! *Antonio* too eſcap'd!

Oſm. And twice eſcap'd, both from the Rage of Seas
And War! For in the Fight I ſaw him fall.

Heli. But fell unhurt, a Priſoner as your ſelf,
And as your ſelf made free; hither I came
Impatiently to ſeek you, where I knew
Your Grief would lead you, to lament *Anſelmo*.

Osm. There are no Wonders, or elſe all is Wonder.
Heli. I ſaw you on the Ground, and rais'd you up:
hen with Aſtoniſhment, I ſaw *Almeria.*
Osm. I ſaw her too, and therefore ſaw not thee.
Alm. Nor I; nor could I, for my Eyes were yours.
Osm. What means the Bounty of All-gracious Heav'n,
at perſevering ſtill, with open Hand,
ſcatters good, as in a Waſte of Mercy!
here will this end! but Heav'n is infinite
all, and can continue to beſtow,
hen ſcanty Number ſhall be ſpent in telling.
Leon, Or I'm deceiv'd, or I beheld the Glimpſe
two in ſhining Habits croſs the Iſle;
ho by their pointing ſeem to mark this Place.
Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we muſt part ſo ſoon.
Osm. I wiſh at leaſt, our Parting were a Dream,
we could ſleep 'till we again were met.
Heli. Zara with *Selim,* Sir; I ſaw and know 'em:
ou muſt be quick, for Love will lend her Wings.
Alm. What Love? Who is ſhe? Why are you alarm'd?
Osm. She's the Reverſe of thee; ſhe's my Unhappineſs.
Harbour no Thought that may diſturb thy Peace;
But gently take thy ſelf away, leſt ſhe
Should come, and ſee the ſtraining of my Eyes
To follow thee. I'll think how we may meet
To part no more; my Friend will tell thee all;
How I eſcap'd, how I am here, and thus;
How I'm not call'd *Alphonſo,* now, but *Osmyn*;
And he *Heli.* All, all he will unfold,
Ere next we meet------
Alm. Sure we ſhall meet again------
Osm. We ſhall; we part not but to meet agai
Gladneſs and Warmth of ever-kindling Love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy Heart in Abſence.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

OSMYN *alone.*

YET I behold her---yet---And now no more.
Turn your Lights inward, Eyes, and view my Thoughts
So ſhall you ſtill behold her-----'twill not be.
O impotence of Sight! Mechanick Senſe,
Which to exterior Objects ow'ſt thy Faculty,
Not ſeeing of Election, but Neceſſity,
Thus do our Eyes, as do all common Mirrours,
Succeſſively reflect ſucceeding Images:
Not what they would, but muſt; a Star, or Toad:
Juſt as the Hand of Chance adminiſters.
Not ſo the Mind, whoſe undetermin'd View
Revolves, and to the preſent adds the paſt:
Eſſaying further to Futurity;
But that in vain. I have *Almeria* here
At once, as I before have ſeen her often-----

SCENE IX.

ZARA, SELIM, OSMYN.

ZARA.

SEE where he ſtands, folded and fix'd to Earth,
Stiff'ning in Thought, a Statue among Statues.
Why, cruel *Oſmyn*, doſt thou fly me thus?
Is it well done? Is this then the Return
For Fame, for Honour, and for Empire loſt?
But what is loſs of Honour, Fame and Empire?
Is this the Recompence reſerv'd for Love?
Why doſt thou leave my Eyes, and fly my Arms,
To find this Place of Horror and Obſcurity?
Am I more loathſome to thee than the Grave,
That thou doſt ſeek to ſhield thee there, and ſhun
My Love? But to the Grave I'll follow thee-----
He looks not, minds not, hears not; barbarous Man,

Am

Am I neglected thus? Am I despis'd?
Not heard! ungrateful *Osmyn*.

Osm. Ha, 'tis *Zara!*

Zara. Yes, Traitor; *Zara*, lost, abandon'd *Zara*,
Is a regardless Suppliant, now, to *Osmyn*.
The Slave, the Wretch that she redeem'd from Death,
Disdains to listen now, or look on *Zara*.

Osm. Far be the Guilt of such Reproaches from me,
Lost in my self, and blinded by my Thoughts,
I saw you not, 'till now.

Zara. Now then you see me——
But with such dumb and thankless Eyes you look,
Better I was unseen, than seen thus coldly.

Osm. What would you from a Wretch who came to [mourn,
And only for his Sorrows chose this Solitude?
Look round; Joy is not here, nor Chearfulness.
You have pursu'd Misfortune to its Dwelling,
Yet look for Gaiety and Gladness there.

Zara. Inhuman! Why, why dost thou rack me thus?
And with Perverseness, from the Purpose, answer?
What is't to me, this House of Misery?
What Joy do I require? If thou dost mourn,
I come to mourn with thee; to share thy Griefs,
And give thee, for 'em, in Exchange my Love.

Osm. O that's the greatest Grief——I am so poor,
I have not wherewithal to give again.

Zara. Thou hast a Heart, tho 'tis a Savage one;
Give it me as it is; I ask no more
For all I've done, and all I have endur'd:
For saving thee, when I beheld thee first,
Driven by the Tide upon my Country's Coast,
Pale and expiring, drench'd in Briny Waves,
You and thy Friend, 'till my Compassion found thee;
Compassion! scarce will't own that Name, so soon,
So quickly was it Love; for thou wert God-like
Even then. Kneeling on Earth, I loos'd my Hair,
And with it dry'd that wat'ry Cheeks then chaf'd
My Temples, 'till reviving Blood arose,

And

And like the Morn vermilion'd o'er thy Face.
O Heav'n! how did my Heart rejoice and ake,
When I beheld the Day-break of thy Eyes,
And felt the Balm of thy reſpiring Lips!

Oſm. O call not to my Mind what you have done;
It ſets a Debt of that Account before me,
Which ſhews me poor and bankrupt even in Hopes.

Zara. The faithful *Selim*, and my Women know
The Dangers which I tempted to conceal you.
You know how I abus'd the credulous King;
What Arts I us'd to make you paſs on him,
When he receiv'd you as the Prince of *Fez*;
And as my Kinſman, honour'd and advanc'd you,
O, why do I relate what I have done?
What did I not? Was't not for you this War
Commenc'd? Not knowing who you were, nor why
You hated *Manuel*, I urg'd my Husband
To this Invaſion; where he late was loſt,
Where all is loſt, and I am made a Slave,
Look on me now, from Empire fall'n to Slavery;
Think on my Suffrings firſt, then look on me;
Think on the Cauſe of all, then view thy ſelf:
Reflect on *Oſmyn*, and then look on *Zara*,
The fall'n, the loſt, and now the Captive *Zara*,
And now abandon'd---ſay, what then is *Oſmyn*?

Oſm. A fatal Wretch----a hudge ſtupendous Ruin,
That tumbling on its Prop, cruſh'd all beneath,
And bore contiguous Palaces to Earth.

Zara. Yet thus, thus fall'n, thus levell'd with the vileſt,
If I have gain'd thy Love, 'tis glorious Ruin;
Ruin! 'tis ſtill to reign, and to be more
A Queen; for what are Riches, Empire, Power,
But larger Means to gratify the Will?
The Steps on which we tread, to riſe, and reach
Our Wiſh, and that obtained, down with the Scaffolding
Of Scepters, Crowns, and Thrones; they have ſerv'd their
And are, like Lumber, to be left and ſcorn'd. [En

Oſm. Why was I made the Inſtrument, to throw

In Bonds the Frame of this exalted Mind?

Zara. We may be free; the Conqueror is mine;
In Chains unſeen I hold him by the Heart,
And can unwind or ſtrain him as I pleaſe.
Give me thy Love, I'll give thee Liberty.

Oſm. In vain you offer, and in vain require
What neither can beſtow, Set free your ſelf,
And leave a Slave the Wretch that would be ſo.

Zara. Thou can'ſt not mean ſo poorly as thou talk'ſt

Oſm. Alas, you know me not.

Zara. Not who thou art:
But what this laſt Ingratitude declares,
This groveling Baſeneſs—Thou ſay'ſt true, I know
Thee not, for what thou art yet wants a Name:
Something ſo unworthy, and ſo vile,
That to have lov'd thee makes me yet more loſt,
Than all the Malice of my other Fate.
Traitor, Monſter, cold and and perfidious Slave;
Slave, not daring to be free! nor dares
To love above him, for 'tis dangerous:
'Tis that, I know; for thou doſt look, with Eyes
Sparkling Deſire, and trembling to poſſeſs.
I know thy Charms have reach'd thy very Soul,
And thrill'd thee through with darted Fires; but thou
Muſt fear ſo much, thou dar'ſt not wiſh. The King!
Hark, there's the dreadful Sound, the King's thy Rival!

Oſm. Madam, the King is here, and entring now.

Zara. As I could wiſh; by Heav'n I'll be reveng'd.

SCENE X.

ZARA, OSMYN, SELIM, *the* KING, PEREZ, *and Attendants.*

KING.

WHY does the faireſt of her Kind withdraw
Her Shining from the Day, to gild this Scene
With Death and Night? Ha! what Diſorder's this?

Some-

Somewhat I heard of King and Rival mention'd.
What's he that dares be Rival to the King?
Or lift his Eyes to like, where I adore?

Zara. There, he; your Priſoner, and that was my Slave.

King. How? Better than my Hopes? Does ſhe accuſe him! [*Aſide.*

Zara. Am I become ſo low by my Captivity,
And do your Arms ſo leſſen what they conquer,
That *Zara* muſt be made the Sport of Slaves?
And ſhall the Wretch, whom yeſter Sun beheld
Waiting my Nod, the Creature of my Pow'r,
Preſume to Day to plead audacious Love,
And build bold Hopes on my dejected Fate?

King. Better for him to tempt the Rage of Heav'n,
And wrench the Bolt red-hiſſing from the Hand
Of him that thunders, than but think that Inſolence.
'Tis daring for a God. Hence, to the Wheel
With that *Ixion*, who aſpires to hold
Divinity embrac'd, to Whips and Priſons
Drag him with Speed, and rid me of his Face.

[*Guards ſeize* Oſmyn.

Zara. Compaſſion led me to bemoan his State,
Whoſe former faith had merited much more:
And through my Hopes in you, I undertook
He ſhould be ſet at large; thence ſprung his Inſolence,
And what was Charity, he conſtru'd Love.

King. Enough; his Puniſhment be what you pleaſe.
But let me lead you from this Place of Sorrow,
To one, where young Delights attend; and Joys
Yet new, unborn, and blooming in the Bud,
Which wait to be full-blown at your Approach,
And ſpread like Roſes to the Morning Sun:
Where ev'ry Hour ſhall roll in circling Joys,
And Love ſhall wing the tedious-waſting Day:
Life without Love is Load; and Time ſtands ſtill:
What we refuſe to him, to Death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A PRISON.

OSMYN *alone with a Paper.*

OSMYN.

UT now, and I was clos'd within the Tomb
That holds my Father's Ashes; and but now,
Where he was Pris'ner I am too imprison'd.
re 'tis the Hand of Heav'n that leads me thus,
d for some Purpose points out these Remembrances.
a dark Corner of my Cell I found
is Paper, what it is this Light will show.

my Alphonso---Ha! [Reading.
my Alphonso *live, restore him, Heav'n;*
e me more Weight, crush my declining Years
h Bolts, with Chains, Imprisonment and Want;
bless my Son, visit not him for me.

his Hand; this was his Pray'r---yet more: [Reading.
ev'ry Hair, which Sorrow by the Roots
s from my hoary and devoted Head,
doubled in thy Mercies to my Son:
for myself, but him, hear me All-gracious----

s wanting what should follow---*Heav'n* shou'd follow,
'tis torn off---Why shou'd that Word alone
torn from his Petition? 'Twas to Heav'n,
Heav'n was deaf, Heav'n heard him not; but thus,
us as the Name of Heav'n from this is torn,
did it tear the Ears of Mercy from

His

His Voice ſhutting the Gates of Pray'r againſt him.
If Piety be thus debarr'd Acceſs
On high, and of good Men the very beſt
Is ſingled out to bleed, and bear the Scourge,
What is Reward? or what is Puniſhment?
But who ſhall dare to tax Eternal Juſtice!
Yet I may think——I may, I muſt; for Thought
Precedes the Will to think, and Error lives
Ere Reaſon can be born. Reaſon, the Power
To gueſs at Right and Wrong the twinkling Lamp
Of wand'ring Life, that winks by Turns,
Fooling the Follower, betwixt Shade and Shining.
What Noiſe! Who's there? My Friend! How cam'ſt
thou hither?

SCENE II.

OSMYN, HELI.

HELI.

THE Times too precious to be ſpent in telling;
The Captain influenc'd by *Almeria*'s Power,
Gave Order to the Guards for my Admittance.

Oſm. How does *Almeria*? But I know, ſhe is
As I am. Tell me, may I hope to ſee her?

Heli. You may: anon, at Midnight when the King
Is gone to Reſt, and *Garcia* is retir'd,
(Who takes the Privilege to viſit late,
Preſuming on a Bridegroom's Right) ſhe'll come.

Oſm. She'll come! 'tis what I wiſh, yet what I fear.
She'll come; but whither, and to whom? O Heav'n!
To a vile Priſon, and a captiv'd Wretch;
To one, who had ſhe never known ſhe had
Been happy: Why, why was that heav'nly Creature
Abandon'd o'er to love what Heav'n forſakes?
Why does ſhe follow, with unwearied Steps,
One, who has tir'd Misfortune with purſuing?
One, driv'n about the World like blaſted Leaves

nd chaff, the Sport of adverſe Winds; 'till late
t length, impriſon'd in ſome Cleft of Rock,
r Earth, it reſts, and rots to ſilent Duſt.
Heli. Have Hopes, and hear the Voice of better Fate.
ve learn'd there are Diſorders ripe for Mutiny
mong the Troops, who thought to ſhare the Plunder,
hich *Manuel* to his own Uſe and Avarice
onverts. This News has reach'd *Valentia*'s Frontiers;
here many of your Subjects, long oppreſs'd
ith Tyranny and grievous Impoſitions,
e riſen in Arms, and call for chiefs to head
d lead them to regain their Rights and Liberty.
Oſm. By Heav'n thou'ſt rous'd me from my Lethargy.
e Spirit which was deaf to my own Wrongs,
d the loud Cries of my dead Father's Blood;
f to Revenge----nay, which refus'd to hear
e piercing Sighs and Murmurs of my Love
t unenjoy'd; what not *Almeria* could
vive, or raiſe, my Peoples Voice has waken'd,
my *Antonio*, I am all on Fire,
Soul is up in Arms, ready to charge
d bear amidſt the Foe, with conqu'ring Troops.
ear 'em call to lead 'em on to Liberty,
Victory; their Shouts and Clamours rend
Ears, and reach the Heav'ns; where is the King!
ere is *Alphonſo*? ha! where? where indeed?
could tear and burſt the Strings of Life,
break theſe Chains. Off, off, ye Stains of Royalty,
Slavery. O curſe! that I alone
n beat and flutter in my Cage, when I
ould ſoar and ſtoop at Victory beneath.
Heli. Our Poſture of Affairs, and ſcanty Time,
Lord, require you ſhould compoſe your ſelf,
d think on what we may reduce to Practice.
ra, the Cauſe of your Reſtraint may be
e Means of Liberty reſtor'd. That gain'd,
caſion will not fail to point out Ways
r your Eſcape. Mean time, I've thought already.

With

With Speed and Safety to convey my self
Where not far off some Male-contents hold Council
Nightly; who hate this Tyrant; some, who love
Anselmo's Memory, and will, for certain,
When they shall know you live, assist your Cause.
Osm. My Friend and Counsellor, as thou think'st fit,
So do. I will with Patience wait my Fortune.
Heli. When *Zara* comes, abate of your Aversion.
Osm. I hate her not, nor can dissemble Love:
But as I may, I'll do. I have a Paper
Which I would shew thee, Friend, but that the Sight
Would hold thee here, and clog thy Expedition.
Within I found it, by my Father's Hand
'Twas writ; a Pray'r for me, wherein appears
Paternal Love prevailing o'er his Sorrows;
Such Sanctity, such Tenderness so mix'd
With Grief as wou'd draw Tears from Inhumanity.
Heli. The Care of Providence sure left it there,
To arm your Mind with Hope. Such Piety
Was never heard in vain: Heav'n has in Store
For you, those Blessings it withheld from him.
In that Assurance live; which Time, I hope,
And our next Meeting will confirm.
Osm. Farewel,
My Friend; the Good thou dost deserve attend thee.

SCENE III.

OSMYN *alone.*

I'VE been to blame, and question'd with Impiety
The Care of Heav'n. Not so my Father bore
More anxious Grief. This should have better taught me
This Lesson, in some Hour of Inspiration,
By him set down; when his pure Thoughts were born
Like Fumes of sacred Incense, o'er the Clouds,
And wafted thence, on Angels Wings, thro' Way
Of Light, to the bright Source of all. For there

n the Book of Preſcience ſaw this Day;
waking to the World, and mortal Senſe,
this Example of his Reſignation,
his laſt Legacy to me, which, here,
reaſure as more worth than Diadems,
l extended Rule of Regal Pow'r.

SCENE IV.

OSMYN, ZARA *veil'd.*

OSMYN.

HAT Brightneſs breaks upon me thus thro' Shades,
And promiſes a Day to this dark Dwelling?
ny Love?------
ra, O that my Heart had taught [*Lifting her Veil.*
Tongue that ſaying
m. *Zara*! I am betray'd
y Surpriſe.
ara. What, does my Face diſpleaſe thee?
having ſeen it, thou doſt turn thy Eyes
y, as from Deformity and Horror.
, this Sable Curtain ſhall again
rawn, and I will ſtand before thee ſeeing,
unſeen. Is it my Love? ask again
t Queſtion, ſpeak again in that ſoft Voice,
look again with Wiſhes in thy Eyes.
o, thou can'ſt not, for thou ſee'ſt me now,
he whoſe ſavage Breaſt has been the Cauſe
theſe thy Wrongs; as ſhe, whoſe barbarous Rage
loaden thee with Chains and galling Irons:
l doſt thou ſcorn me, and upbraid my Falſeneſs:
ld one who lov'd, thus torture whom ſhe lov'd?
, no, it muſt be Hatred, dire Revenge,
d Deteſtation, that cou'd uſe thee thus.
thou doſt think; then do but tell me ſo;
l me, and thou ſhalt ſee how I'll revenge
ee on this falſe one, how I'll ſtab and tear

This

This Heart of Flint 'till it ſhall bleed; and thou
Shalt weep for mine, forgetting thy own Miſeries.
Oſm. You wrong me, beauteous *Zara*, to believe
I bear my Fortunes with ſo low a Mind,
As ſtill to meditate Revenge on all
Whom Chance, or Fate working by ſecret Cauſes,
Has made perforce ſubſervient to that End
The Heav'nly Pow'rs allot me; no, not you,
But Deſtiny and inauſpicious Stars
Have caſt me down to this low Being: Or,
Granting you had, from you I have deſerv'd it.
Zara. Canſt thou forgive me then? wilt thou believe
So kindly of my Fault, to call it Madneſs?
O, give that Madneſs yet a milder Name,
And call it Paſſion; then, be ſtill more kind,
And call that Paſſion Love.
Oſm. Give it a Name,
Or Being as you pleaſe, ſuch I will think it.
Zara. O thou doſt wound me more with this thy Goodneſs,
Than e'er thou could'ſt with bittereſt Reproaches;
Thy Anger could not pierce thus to my Heart.
Oſm. Yet I cou'd wiſh------
Zara. Haſte me to know it: what?
Oſm. That at this Time I had not been this Thing
Zara. What Thing?
Oſm. This Slave.
Zara. O Heav'n! my Fears interpret
This thy Silence; ſomewhat of high Concern,
Long faſhioning within thy labouring Mind,
And now juſt ripe for Birth, my Rage has ruin'd.
Have I done this? Tell me, am I ſo curs'd?
Oſm. Time may have ſtill one fated Hour to come,
Which, wing'd with Liberty, might overtake
Occaſion paſt.
Zara. Swift as Occaſion, I
My ſelf will fly; and earlier than the morn
Wake thee to Freedom. Now 'tis late; and yet
Some News few Minutes paſt arriv'd, which ſeem'd

ſhake the Temper of the King---Who knows
at racking Cares diſeaſe a Monarch's Bed?
Love, that late at Night ſtill lights his Lamp,
ſtrikes his Rays thro' Duſk, and folded Lids,
bidding Reſt, may ſtretch his Eyes awake,
force their Balls abroad at this dead Hour.
ry.
ſm. I have not merited this Grace;
, ſhou'd my ſecret Purpoſe take Effect,
I repay, as you require, ſuch Benefits.
ara. Thou canſt not owe me more, nor have I more
give, than I've already loſt. But now,
oes the Form of our Engagements reſt,
haſt the Wrong, 'till I redeem thee hence;
done, I leave thy Juſtice to return
Love. Adieu.

SCENE V.

OSMYN alone.

HIS Woman has a Soul
Of God-like Mould, intrepid and commanding,
challenges, in ſpite of me, my beſt
em; to this ſhe's fair, few more can boaſt
Perſonal Charms, or with leſs Vanity
ht hope to captivate the Hearts of Kings.
he has Paſſions which out-ſtrip the Wind,
tear her Virtues up, as Tempeſts root
Sea. I fear when ſhe ſhall know the Truth,
e ſwift and dire Event of her blind Rage
l make all fatal. But behold ſhe comes
whom I fear, to ſhield me from my Fears,
e Cauſe and Comfort of my boding Heart.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

ALMERIA, OSMYN.

OSMYN.

MY Life, my Health, my Liberty, my All!
How ſhall I welcome thee to this ſad Place?
How ſpeak to thee the Words of Joy and Tranſport?
How run into thy Arms, withheld by Fetters;
Or take thee into mine, while I'm thus manacled
And pinion'd like a Thief or Murderer?
Shall I not hurt or bruiſe thy tender Body,
And ſtain thy Boſom with the Ruſt of theſe
Rude Irons! Muſt I meet thee thus, *Almeria?*

Alm. Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.
Thou told'ſt me thou would'ſt think how we might meet
To part no more----Now we will part no more;
For theſe thy Chains, or Death, ſhall join us ever.

Oſm. Hard Means to ratify that Word!----O Cruelty
That ever I ſhould think beholding thee
A Torture!----yet, ſuch is the bleeding Anguiſh
Of my Heart, to ſee thy Sufferings---O Heav'n!
That I could almoſt turn my Eyes away,
Or wiſh thee from my Sight.

Alm. O! ſay not ſo;
Tho' 'tis becauſe thou lov'ſt me. Do not ſay,
On any Terms, that thou doſt wiſh me from thee.
No, no, 'tis better thus, that we together
Feed on each other's Heart, devour our Woes
With mutual Appetite; and mingling in
One Cup the common Stream of both our Eyes,
Drink bitter Draughts, with never-ſlaking Thirſt,
Thus better, than for any Cauſe to part.
What doſt thou think? Look not ſo tenderly
Upon me----ſpeak, and take me in thy Arms-----
Thou can'ſt not! thy poor Arms are bound, and ſtrive
In vain with the remorſeleſs Chains which gnaw

And eat into thy Flesh, festring thy Limbs
With rankling Rust.

Osm. Oh! O---

Alm. Give me that Sigh.
Why dost thou heave, and stifle in thy Griefs?
Thy Heart will burst, thy Eyes look red and start;
Give thy Soul way, and tell me thy dark Thought. [Breaks

Osm. For this World's Rule, I wou'd not wound thy
With such a Dagger as then struck my Heart.

Alm. Why? why? To know it, cannot wound me more,
Than knowing thou hast felt it. Tell it me.
---Thou giv'st me Pain with too much Tenderness!

Osm. And thy excessive Love distracts my Sense!
O woud'st thou be less killing, soft or kind,
Grief cou'd not double thus his Darts against me.

Alm. Thou dost me Wrong, and Grief too robs my Heart,
If there he shoot not ev'ry other Shaft;
Thy second self shou'd feel each other Wound,
And Woe shou'd be in equal Portions dealt.
I am thy Wife-----

Osm. O thou hast search'd too deep:
There, there I bleed; there pull the cruel Cords,
That strain my cracking Nerves; Engines and Wheels,
That Peace-meal grind, are Beds of Down and Balm
To that Soul-racking Thought.

Alm. Then I am curs'd
Indeed, if that be so; if I'm thy Torment,
Kill me, then kill me, dash me with thy Chains,
Tread on me: What, am I the Bosom-Snake,
That sucks thy warm Life-Blood, and gnaws thy Heart?
O that thy Words had Force to break those Bonds,
As they have Strength to tear this Heart in sunder;
So should'st thou be at large from all Oppression.
Am I, am I of all thy Woes the worst?

Osm. My all of Bliss, my everlasting Life,
Soul of my Soul, and End of all my Wishes,
Why dost thou thus unman me with thy Words,
And melt me down to mingle with thy Weepings?

Why doſt thou ask? Why doſt thou talk thus piercingly?
Thy Sorrows have diſturb'd thy Peace of Mind,
And thou doſt ſpeak of Miſeries impoſſible.

Alm. Didſt thou not ſay, that Racks and Wheels were Balm,
And Beds of Eaſe, to thinking me thy Wife?

Oſm. No, no; nor ſhou'd the ſubtleſt Pains that Hell,
Or Hell-born Malice can invent, extort
A Wiſh or Thought from me, to have thee other.
But thou wilt know what harrows up my Heart:
Thou art my Wife---nay, thou art yet my Bride!
The ſacred Union of connubial Love
Yet unaccompliſh'd; his myſterious Rites
Delay'd; nor has our Hymenëal Torch
Yet lighted up his laſt moſt grateful Sacrifice;
But daſh'd with Rain from Eyes, and ſwail'd with Sighs,
Burns dim, and glimmers with expiring Light.
Is this dark Cell a Temple for that God?
Or this vile Earth an Altar for ſuch Off'rings?
This Den for Slaves, this Dungeon damp'd with Woes;
Is this our Marriage-Bed! Are theſe our Joys!
Is this to call thee mine! O hold my Heart!
To call thee mine? Yes; thus, even thus to call
Thee mine, were Comfort, Joy, extremeſt Ecſtaſy
But O thou art not mine, not ev'n in Miſery;
And 'tis deny'd to me to be ſo bleſs'd,
As to be wretched with thee.

Alm. No; not that
The extremeſt Malice of our Fate can hinder:
That ſtill is left us, and on that we'll feed,
As on the Leavings of Calamity.
There we will feaſt, and ſmile on paſt Diſtreſs,
And hug, in ſcorn of it, our mutual Ruin.

Oſm. O thou doſt talk, my Love, as one reſolv'd
Becauſe not knowing Danger. But look forward;
Think on to-morrow, when thou ſhalt be torn
From theſe weak, ſtruggling, unextended Arms;
Think how my Heart will heave, and Eyes will ſtrain,
To graſp and reach what is deny'd my Hands:

Think

Think how the Blood will ſtart, and Tears will guſh
To follow thee, my ſeparating Soul.
Think how I am, when thou ſhalt wed with *Garcia!*
Then will I ſmear theſe Walls with Blood, diſfigure
And daſh my Face, and rive my clotted Hair.
Break on the flinty Floor my throbbing Breaſt,
And grovel with gaſh'd Hands to ſcratch a Grave,
Stripping my Nails, to tear this Pavement up,
And bury me alive.

Alm. Heart-breaking Horror!

Oſm. Then *Garcia* ſhall lie panting on thy Boſom,
Luxurious, revelling amidſt thy Charms;
And thou perforce muſt yield, and aid his Tranſport.
Hell! Hell! have I not Cauſe to rage and rave?
What are all Racks, and Wheels, and Whips to this?
Are they not ſoothing Softneſs, ſinking Eaſe,
And wafting Air to this? O my *Almeria!*
What do the damn'd endure, but to deſpair,
But knowing Heav'n, to know it loſt for ever?

Alm. O, I am ſtruck; thy Words are Bolts of Ice,
Which ſhot into my Breaſt, now melt and chill me.
I chatter, ſhake, and faint with thrilling Fears.
No, hold me not----O, let us not ſupport,
But ſink each other, deeper yet, down, down,
Where levell'd low, no more we'll lift our Eyes,
But prone, and dumb, rot the firm Face of Earth
With Rivers of inceſſant ſcalding Rain.

SCENE VII.

ZARA, PEREZ, SELIM, OSMYN, ALMERIA.

ZARA.

Somewhat of Weight to me requires his Freedom,
Dare you diſpute the King's Command? Behold
The Royal Signet.

Per. I obey; yet beg
Your Majeſty one Moment to defer

Your ottring, 'till the Princeſs is return'd
From viſiting the Noble Priſoner.
Zara. Ha!
What ſay'ſt thou?
Oſm. We are loſt! undone! diſcover'd!
Retire, my Life, with Speed---Alas we're ſeen;
Speak of Compaſſion, let her hear you ſpeak
Of interceeding for me with the King;
Say ſomewhat quickly to conceal our Loves,
If poſſible-----
Alm. -----I cannot ſpeak.
Oſm. Let me
Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her,
But 'till ſhe's gone; then bleſs me thus again.
Zara. Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth!
Confuſion in his Face, and Grief in hers!
'Tis plain, I've been abus'd---Death and Deſtruction!
How ſhall I ſearch into this Myſtery!
The blueſt Blaſt of Peſtilential Air
Strike, damp, deaden her Charms, and kill his Eyes;
Perdition catch 'em both, and Ruin part 'em.
Oſm. This Charity to one unknown, and thus
[*Aloud to* Almeria *as ſhe goes*
Diſtreſs'd, Heav'n will repay; all Thanks are poor.

SCENE VIII.

ZARA, SELIM, OSMYN.

ZARA.

Damn'd, damn'd Diſſembler! Yet I will be calm,
Choke in my Rage, and know the utmoſt Depth
Of this Deceiver---You ſeem much ſurpriz'd.
Oſm. At your return ſo ſoon and unexpected!
Zara. And ſo unwiſh'd, unwanted too it ſeems.
Confuſion! Yet I will contain my ſelf.
You're grown a Favourite ſince laſt we parted;
Perhaps I'm ſaucy and intruding—

Osm. ----Madam!

Zara. I did not know the Princeſs Favourite;
Your Pardon, Sir--- miſtake me not; you think
I'm angry; you're deceiv'd. I came to ſet
You free: But ſhall return much better pleas'd,
To find you have an Intereſt ſuperior.

Osm. You do not come to mock my Miſeries?

Zara. I do.

Osm. I could at this Time ſpare your Mirth.

Zara. I know thou coud'ſt; but I'm not often pleas'd,
And will indulge it now. What Miſeries?
Who wou'd not be thus happily confin'd,
To be the Care of weeping Majeſty?
To have contending Queens, at dead of Night,
Forſake their Down, to wake with watry Eyes,
And watch like Tapers o'er Your Hours of Reſt.
O Curſe! I cannot hold.-------

Osm. Come, 'tis too much.

Zara. Villain!

Osm. How, Madam!

Zara. Thou ſhalt die.

Osm. I thank you.

Zara. Thou ly'ſt; for now I know for whom thou'd'ſt live.

Osm. Then you may know for whom I'd die.

Zara. Hell! Hell!
Yet I'll be calm---Dark and unknown Betrayer!
But now the Dawn begins, and the ſlow Hand
Of Fate is ſtretch'd to draw the Veil, and leave
Thee bare, the naked Mark of publick View.

Osm. You may be ſtill deceiv'd, 'tis in my Pow'r.

Zara. Who waits there? As you'll anſwer it, look, this Slave [*To the Guard.*
Attempt no Means to make himſelf away.
I've been deceiv'd. The Publick Safety now
Requires he ſhou'd be more confin'd, and none,
No, not the Princeſs, ſuffer'd or to ſee,
Or ſpeak with him: I'll quit you to the King.

Vile and Ingrate! too late thou ſhalt repent
The baſe Injuſtice thou haſt done my Love:
Yes, thou ſhalt know, ſpite of thy paſt Diſtreſs,
And all thoſe Ills which thou ſo long haſt mourn'd;
Heav'n has no Rage, like Love to Hatred turn'd,
Nor Hell a Fury, like a Woman ſcorn'd.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

ZARA, SELIM.

ZARA.

THOU haſt already rack'd me with thy Stay;
Therefore require me not to ask thee twice:
Reply at once to all. What is concluded?

Sel. Your Accuſation highly has incens'd
The King, and were alone enough to urge
The Fate of *Oſmyn*; but to that, freſh News
Is ſince arriv'd, of more revolted Troops.
'Tis certain *Heli* too is fled, and with him
(Which breeds Amazement and Diſtraction) ſome
Who bore high Offices of Weight and Truſt,
Both in the State and Army. This confirms
The King, in full Belief of all you told him,
Concerning *Oſmyn*, and his Correſpondence
With them who firſt began the Mutiny.
Wherefore a Warrant for his Death is ſign'd;
And Order given for Publick Execution.

Zara. Ha! haſte thee! fly, prevent his Fate and mine;
Find out the King, tell him I have of Weight
More than his Crown t'impart ere *Oſmyn* die.

Sel.

Sel. It needs not, for the King will ſtraight be here,
And as to your Revenge, not his own Int'reſt,
Pretend to ſacrifice the Life of *Oſmyn*.
---*Zara*. What ſhall I ſay? Invent, contrive, adviſe
Somewhat to blind the King, and ſave his Life
In whom I live. Spite of my Rage and Pride,
I am a Woman, and a Lover ſtill.
O! 'tis more Grief but to ſuppoſe his Death,
Than ſtill to meet the Rigour of his Scorn.
From my Deſpair my Anger had its Source;
When he is dead I muſt deſpair for ever.
For ever! that's Deſpair---it was Diſtruſt
Before; Diſtruſt will ever be in Love,
And Anger in Diſtruſt, both ſhort-liv'd Pains.
But in Deſpair, and ever-during Death,
No Term, no Bound, but Infinite of Woe.
O Torment, but to think! what then to bear?
Not to be born---Deviſe the Means to ſhun it,
Quick; or, by Heav'n this Dagger drinks thy Blood.
Sel. My Life is yours, nor wiſh I to preſerve it,
But to ſerve you. I have already thought.
Zara. Forgive my Rage; I know thy Love and Truth;
But ſay, what's to be done? or when, or how,
Shall I prevent, or ſtop th'approaching Danger?
Sel. You muſt ſtill ſeem moſt reſolute and fix'd
On *Oſmyn*'s Death; too quick a Change of Mercy
Might breed Suſpicion of the Cauſe. Adviſe,
That Execution may be done in private.
Zara. On what Pretence?
Sel. Your own Requeſt's enough.
However, for a Colour, tell him, you
Have Cauſe to fear his Guards may be corrupted,
And ſome of them bought off to *Oſmyn*'s Intereſt,
Who, at the Place of Execution, will
Attempt to force his way for an Eſcape,
The State of things will countenance all Suſpicions.
Then offer to the King to have him ſtrangled
In ſecret by your Mutes; and get an Order,

That none but Mutes may have Admittance to him,
I can no more, the King is here. Obtain
This grant---and I'll acquaint you with the reſt.

SCENE. II

KING, GONSALEZ, PEREZ, ZARA, SELIM.

KING.

BEAR to the Dungeon thoſe Rebellious Slaves,
Th'ignoble Curs, that yelp to fill the Cry,
And ſpend their Mouths in barking Tyranny.
But for their Leaders, *Sancho* and *Ramirez*,
Let 'em be led away to preſent Death.
Perez, ſee it perform'd.
Gonſ. Might I preſume,
Their Execution better were deferr'd,
'Till *Oſmyn* die. Mean time we may learn more
Of this Conſpiracy.
King. Then be it ſo.
Stay, Soldier; they ſhall ſuffer with the *Moor*.
Are none return'd of thoſe who follow'd *Heli*?
Gonſ. None, Sir. Some Papers have been ſince diſcover'd
In *Roderigo*'s Houſe, who fled with him,
Which ſeem to intimate, as if *Alphonſo*
Were ſtill alive, and arming in *Valentia*:
Which wears indeed this Colour of a Truth,
They who are fled have that Way bent their Courſe.
Of the ſame nature divers Notes have been
Diſpers'd t'amuſe the People; whereupon
Some ready of Belief have rais'd this Rumour;
That being ſav'd upon the Coaſt of *Africk*,
He there diſcloſe'd himſelf to *Albucazim*,
And by a ſecret Compact made with him,
Open'd and urg'd the way to this Invaſion;
While he himſelf returning to *Valentia*
In private, undertook to raiſe this Tumult.
Zara. Ha! hear'ſt thou that? Is *Oſmyn* then *Alphonſo*!
O Heav'n! a thouſand things occur at once

To

To my Remembrance now, that make it plain,
O certain Death for him, as ſure Deſpair
For me, if it be known---If not, what Hope
Have I? Yet 'twere the loweſt Baſeneſs, now
To yield him up---No, I will ſtill conceal him,
And try the Force of yet more Obligations.

Gonſ. 'Tis not impoſſible. Yet, it may be
That ſome Impoſtor has uſurp'd his Name.
Your beauteous Captive *Zara* can inform,
If ſuch a one, ſo 'ſcaping, was receiv'd,
At any time, in *Albucacim's* Court.

King. Pardon, fair Excellence, this long Neglect:
An unforeſeen, unwelcome Hour of Buſineſs,
Has thruſt between us and our while of Love;
But wearing now apace with ebbing Sand,
Will quickly waſte, and give again the Day.

Zara. You're too ſecure: The Danger is more imminent
Than your high Courage ſuffers you to ſee;
While *Oſmyn* lives, you are not ſafe.

King. His Doom
Is paſs'd; if you revoke it not, he dies.

Zara. 'Tis well. By what I heard upon your Entrance,
I find I can unfold what yet concerns
You more. One who did call himſelf *Alphonſo*
Was caſt upon my Coaſt, as is reported,
And oft had private Conference with the King.
To what Effect I knew not then: But he,
Alphonſo, ſecretly departed, juſt
About the time our Arms embark'd for *Spain*,
What I know more is, That a triple League
Of ſtricteſt Friendſhip, was profeſs'd between
Alphonſo, *Heli*, and the Traitor *Oſmyn's*.

King. Publick Report is ratify'd in this.

Zara. And *Oſmyn's* Death requir'd of ſtrong Neceſſity.

King. Give Order ſtraight that all the Priſoners die.

Zara. Forbear a Moment; ſomewhat more I have
Worthy your private Ear, and this your Miniſter.

King. Let all except *Gonſalez* leave the Room.

SCENE III.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM.

ZARA.

I Am your Captive, and you've us'd me nobly;
And in return of that, tho' otherwiſe
Your Enemy, I have diſcover'd *Oſmyn*
His private Practice and Conſpiracy
Againſt your State: And fully to diſcharge
My ſelf of what I've undertaken, now
I think it fit to tell you, that your Guards
Are tainted; ſome among 'em have reſolv'd
To reſcue *Oſmyn* at the Place of Death.

King. Is Treaſon then ſo near us as our Guards!

Zara. Moſt certain; tho' my Knowledge is not yet
So ripe, to point at the particular Men.

King. What's to be done?

Zara. That too I will adviſe.
I have remaining in my Train ſome Mutes,
A Preſent once from the *Sultana* Queen,
In the *Grand Seignior's* Court. Theſe, from their Infancy
Are practis'd in the Trade of Death; and ſhall
(As there the Cuſtom is) in private ſtrangle
Oſmyn.

Gonſ. My Lord, the Queen adviſes well.

King. What Off'ring, or what Recompence remains
In me, that can be worthy ſo great Services?
To caſt beneath your Feet the Crown you've ſav'd,
Tho' on the Head that wears it, were too little.

Zara. Of that hereafter; but, mean time, 'tis fit
You give ſtrict Charge, that none may be admitted
To ſee the Priſ'ner, but ſuch Mutes as I
Shall ſend.

King. Who waits there?

SCENE

SCENE IV.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM, PEREZ.

KING.

ON your Life take heed,
That only *Zara*'s Mutes, or such who bring
Her Warrant, have Admittance to the *Moor*.
Zara. They and no other, not the Princess self.
Per. Your Majesty shall be obey'd.
King. Retire.

SCENE V.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM.

GONSALEZ.

THAT Interdiction so particular,
Pronounc'd with Vehemence against the Princess,
Shou'd have more Meaning than appears barefac'd.
The King is blinded by his Love, and heeds
It not.--- Your Majesty sure might have spar'd
That last Restraint; you hardly can suspect
The Princess is Confederate with the *Moor*.
Zara. I've heard, her Charity did once extend
So far, to visit him, at his Request.
Gonz. Ha!
King. How? She visit *Osmyn*! What, my Daughter?
Sel. Madam, take heed; or you have ruin'd all.
Zara. And after did solicite you on his
Behalf.-----
King. Never. You have been mis-inform'd.
Zara. Indeed? Then 'twas a Whisper spread by some,
Who wish'd it so; a common Art in Courts.
I will retire, and instantly prepare
Instruction for my Ministers of Death.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

KING, GONSALEZ.

GONSALEZ.

THere's somewhat yet of Mystery in this;
Her Words and Actions are obscure and double,
Sometimes concur, and sometimes disagree;
I like it not.

King. What dost thou think, *Gonsalez?*
Are we not much indebted to this Fair One?

Gons. I am a little slow of Credit, Sir,
In the Sincerity of Womens Actions.
Methinks this Lady's Hatred to the *Moor*
Disquiets her too much; which makes it seem
As if she'd rather that she did not hate him.
I wish her Mutes are meant to be employ'd
As she pretends---I doubt it now---Your Guards
Corrupted; how? by whom? who told her so?
I'th' Evening *Osmyn* was to die; at Midnight
She begg'd the Royal Signet to release him;
I'th' Morning he must die again; ere Noon
Her Mutes alone must strangle him, or he'll
Escape. This put together suits not well.

King. Yet, that there's Truth in what she has discover'd,
Is manifest from every Circumstance.
This Tumult, and the Lords who fled with *Hali*,
Are Confirmation---that *Alphonso* lives,
Agrees expressly too with her Report.

Gons. I grant it, Sir; and doubt not, but in Rage
Of Jealousy, she has discover'd what
She now repents. It may be I'm deceiv'd.
But why that needless Caution of the Princess?
What if she had seen *Osmyn*? tho' 'twere strange.
But if she had, what was't to her? unless
She fear'd her stronger Charms might cause the *Moor's*
Affection to revolt.

King.

King. I thank thee, Friend.
There's Reason in thy Doubt, and I am warn'd.
But think'ſt thou that my Daughter ſaw this *Moor*?

Gonſ. If *Oſmyn* be, as *Zara* has related,
Alphonſo's Friend; 'tis not impoſſible,
But ſhe might wiſh on his Account to ſee him.

King. Say'ſt thou? By Heaven thou haſt rouz'd a Thought,
That like a ſudden Earthquake ſhakes my Frame;
Confuſion! then my Daughter's an Accompliee,
And plots in private with this hellish *Moor*.

Gonſ. That were too hard a Thought--but ſee ſhe comes.
'Twere not amiſs to queſtion her a little,
And try howe'er, if I've divin'd aright,
If what I fear be true, ſhe'll be concern'd
For *Oſmyn*'s Death, as he's *Alphonſo*'s Friend.
Urge that, to try if ſhe'll ſolicite for him.

SCENE VII.

KING, GONSALEZ, ALMERIA, LEONORA.

KING.

YOur coming has prevented me, *Almeria*;
I had determin'd to have ſent for you.
Let your Attendant be diſmiſs'd; I have
[*Leonora retires.*
To talk with you. Come near; why doſt thou ſhake?
What mean thoſe ſwollen and red-ſtreak'd Eyes, that look
As they had wept in Blood, and worn the Night
In waking Anguiſh? Why this, on the Day
Which was deſign'd to celebrate thy Nuptials:
But that the Beams of Light are to be ſtain'd
With reeking Gore, from Traitors on the Rack?
Wherefore I have deferr'd the Marriage-Rites,
Nor ſhall the guilty Horrors of this Day
Prophane that Jubilee.

Alm. All Days to me

Hence-

Henceforth are equal; this the Day of Death.
To-morrow, and the next, and each that follows,
Will undistinguish'd roll, and but prolong
One hated Line of more extended Woe.

King. Whence is thy Grief? Give me to know the Cause,
And look thou answer me with Truth; for know,
I am not unacquainted with thy Falshood.
Why art thou mute? base and degenerate Maid!

Gonf. Dear Madama speak, or you'll incense the King.

Alm. What is't to speak? or wherefore shou'd I speak?
What mean these Tears, but Grief unutterable?

King. They are the dumb Confessions of thy guilty Mind;
They mean thy Guilt; and say thou wert Confed'rate
With damn'd Conspirators to take my Life.
O impious Paricide! now can'st thou speak?

Alm. O Earth, behold, I kneel upon thy Bosom,
And bend my flowing Eyes, to stream upon
Thy Face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield;
Open thy Bowels of Compassion, take
Into thy Womb the last and most forlorn
Of all thy Race. Hear me, thou common Parent;
---I have no Parent else---be thou a Mother,
And step between me and the Curse of him,
Who was----who was, but is no more a Father,
But brands my Innocence with horrid Crimes;
And for the tender Names of Child and Daughter,
Now calls me Murderer and Paricide.

King. Rise, I command thee rise---and if thou wou'dst
Acquit thy self of those detested Names,
Swear thou hast never seen that Foreign Dog,
Now doom'd to die, that most accursed *Osmyn.*

Alm. Never, but as with Innocence I might,
And free of all bad Purposes. So Heav'n's
My Witness.

King. Vile equivocating Wretch!
With Innocence? O Patience! hear---she owns it!
Confesses it! By Heav'n I'll have him rack'd,
Torn, mangled, flay'd, impal'd---all Pains and Tortures

That

That Wit of Man and dire Revenge can think,
Shall he accumulated under-bear.

Alm. Oh, I'm loſt---there Fate begins to wound.

King. Hear me, then; if thou canſt, reply; know, Traitreſs,
I'm not to learn that curs'd *Alphonſo* lives;
Nor am I ignorant what *Oſmyn* is.---

Alm. Then all is ended, and we both muſt die,
Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou ſhalt not die.
And yet alone wou'd I have dy'd, Heav'n knows,
Repeated Deaths, rather than have reveal'd thee.
Yes, all my Father's wounding Wrath, tho' each
Reproach cuts deeper than the keeneſt Sword,
And cleaves my Heart; I wou'd have born it all,
Nay, all the Pains that are prepar'd for thee:
To the remorſeleſs Rack I wou'd have giv'n
This weak and tender Fleſh, to have been bruis'd
And torn, rather than have reveal'd thy Being.

King. Hell, Hell! do I hear this, and yet endure!
What, dar'ſt thou to my Face avow thy Guilt?
Hence, ere I curſe---fly my juſt Rage with ſpeed;
Leſt I forget us both, and ſpurn thee from me.

Alm. And yet a Father! think I am your Child.
Turn not your Eyes away---look on me kneeling;
Now curſe me if you can, now ſpurn me off.
Did ever Father curſe his kneeling Child!
Never: For always Bleſſings crown that Poſture.
Nature inclines, and half-way meets that Duty,
Stooping to raiſe from Earth the Filial Reverence;
For bended Knees returning folding Arms,
With Pray'rs, and Bleſſings, and paternal Love.
O hear me then, thus crawling on the Earth----

King. Be thou adviſ'd, and let me go, while yet
The light Impreſſion thou haſt made remains.

Alm. No, never will I riſe, nor looſe this Hold,
'Till you are mov'd, and grant that he may live.

King. Ha! who may live? take heed, no more of that;
For on my Soul he dies, tho' thou, and I,
And all ſhou'd follow to partake his Doom.

Away,

Away, off, let me go.---Call her Attendants.

[Leonora *and Women return.*

Alm. Drag me, harrow the Earth with my bare Bosom,
I'll not let go 'till you have spar'd my Husband.

King. Ha! what say'st thou? Husband! Husband! Damnation!
What Husband? which? who?

Alm. He, he is my Husband.

King. Poison and Daggers! who?

Alm. O----- [*Faints.*

Gonf. Help, support her.

Alm. Let me go, let me fall, sink deep---I'll dig,
I'll dig a Grave, and tear up Death; I will;
I'll scrape 'till I collect his rotten Bones,
And clothe their Nakedness with my own Flesh:
Yes, I will strip off Life, and we will change:
I will be Death; then tho' you kill my Husband
He shall be mine, still and for ever mine.

King. What Husband? who? whom dost thou mean?

Gonf. She raves!

Alm. O that I did. *Osmyn*, he is my Husband.

King. Osmyn?

Alm. Not *Osmyn*, but *Alphonso* is my dear
And wedded Husband---Heav'n, and Air, and Seas,
Ye Winds and Waves, I call ye all to Witness.

King. Wilder than Winds or Waves thy self dost rave.
Shou'd I hear more, I too shou'd catch thy Madness.
Yet somewhat she must mean of dire Import,
Which I'll not hear, 'till I am more at Peace.
Watch her returning Sense, and bring me Word:
And look that she attempt not on her Life.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

ALMERIA, GONSALEZ, LEONORA, *Attendants*.

ALMERIA.

O Stay, yet ſtay; hear me, I am not mad.
I wou'd to Heav'n I were---He's gone,

Gonſ. Have Comfort,

Alm. Curs'd be that Tongue, that bids me be of Comfort;
Curs'd my own Tongue, that cou'd not move his Pity;
Curs'd theſe weak Hands that could not hold him here;
For he is gone to doom *Alphonſo*'s Death.

Gonſ. Your too exceſſive Grief works on your Fancy,
And deludes your Senſe. *Alphonſo*, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your Father's Power.

Alm. Hence, thou deteſted, ill-tim'd Flatterer;
Source of my Woes: Thou and thy Race be curs'd,
But doubly thou, who could'ſt alone have Policy
And Fraud, to find the fatal Secret out,
And know that *Oſmyn* was *Alphonſo*.

Gonſ. Ha!

Alm. Why doſt thou ſtare? what doſt thou ſee or hear?
Was it the doleful Bell, tolling for Death?
Or dying Groans from my *Alphonſo*'s Breaſt?
See, ſee, look yonder! where a grizzled, pale,
And ghaſtly Head glares by, all ſmear'd with Blood,
Gaſping as it wou'd ſpeak; and after, ſee!
Behold a damp, dead Hand has dropp'd a Dagger:
I'll catch it---Hark! a Voice cries Murder! ah!
My Father's Voice! hollow it ſounds, and calls
Me from the Tomb---I'll follow it; for there
I ſhall again behold my dear *Alphonſo*.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

GONSALEZ *alone.*

SHE's greatly griev'd; nor am I leſs ſurpriz'd.
Oſmyn Alphonſo! no; ſhe over-rates
My Policy: I ne'er ſuſpected it:
Nor now had known it, but from her Miſtake.
Her Husband too! Ha! Where is *Garcia* then?
And where the Crown that ſhou'd deſcend on him,
To grace the Line of my Poſterity?
Hold, let me think---if I ſhou'd tell the King----
Things come to this Extremity? his Daughter
Wedded already---what if he ſhou'd yield?
Knowing no Remedy for what is paſt;
And urg'd by Nature pleading for his Child,
With which he ſeems to be already ſhaken.
And tho' I know he hates beyond the Grave
Anſelmo's Race; yet if---that If concludes me.
To doubt, when I may be aſſur'd, is Folly.
But how prevent the Captive Queen, who means
To ſet him free? Ay, now 'tis plain; O well
Invented Tale! He was *Alphonſo*'s Friend.
This ſubtle Woman will amuſe the King,
If I delay---'twill do---or better ſo.
One to my Wiſh. *Alonzo*, thou art Welcome.

SCENE X.

GONSALEZ, ALONZO.

ALONZO.

THE King expects your Lordſhip.
Gonſ. 'Tis no matter.
I'm not i'the way at preſent, good *Alonzo*.
Alon. If 't pleaſe your Lordſhip, I'll return, and ſay
I have not ſeen you.

Gonſ.

Gonſ. Do, my beſt *Alonzo*.
Yet ſtay, I would---- but go; anon will ſerve----
Yet I have that requires thy ſpeedy help.
I think thou wou'dſt not ſtop to do me Service.
Alon. I am your Creature.
Gonſ. Say thou art my Friend.
I've ſeen thy Sword do noble Execution.
Alon. All that it can your Lordſhip ſhall command.
Gonſ. Thanks; and I take thee at thy Word. Thou'ſt ſeen,
Among the Followers of the Captive Queen,
Dumb Men, who make their Meaning known by Signs.
Alon. I have, my Lord.
Gonſ. Coud'ſt thou procure, with Speed
And Privacy, the wearing Garb of one
Of thoſe, tho' purchas'd by his Death, I'd give
Thee ſuch Reward, as ſhou'd exceed thy Wiſh.
Alon. Conclude it done. Where ſhall I wait your Lordſhip?
Gonſ. At my Apartment. Uſe thy utmoſt Diligence;
And ſay I've not been ſeen----haſte, good *Alonzo*.
So, this can hardly fail. *Alphonſo* ſlain,
The greateſt Obſtacle is then remov'd.
Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed;
And I yet fix the Crown on *Garcia*'s Head.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

KING, PEREZ, ALONZO.

KING.

NOT to be found? In an ill Hour he's abſent.
None, ſay you, none? what not the Fav'rite Eunuch?
Nor ſhe her ſelf, nor any of her Mutes,
Have yet requir'd Admittance.

Per. None, my Lord.

King. Is *Oſmyn* ſo diſpos'd as I commanded?

Per. Faſt bound in double Chains, and at full length
He lies ſupine on Earth; with as much Eaſe
She might remove the Centre of this Earth,
As looſe the Rivets of his Bonds.

King. 'Tis well.

[*A Mute appears, and ſeeing the King retires.*
Ha! ſtop and ſeize that Mute; *Alonzo* follow him.
Ent'ring he met my Eyes, and ſtarted back,
Frighted, and fumbling one Hand in his Boſom,
As to conceal the Importance of his Errand.

[*Alonzo follows him, and returns with a Paper.*

Alon. O bloody Proof of obſtinate Fidelity!

King. What doſt thou mean?

Alon. Soon as I ſeiz'd the Man,
He ſnatch'd from out his Boſom this—— and ſtrove
With raſh and greedy haſte, at once to cram
The Morſel down his Throat. I catch'd his Arm,
And hardly wrench'd his Hand to wring it from him;
Which done, he drew a Poniard from his Side,
And on the Inſtant plung'd it in his Breaſt.

King. Remove the Body thence ere *Zara* ſee it.

Alon.

Alon. I'll be ſo bold to borrow his Attire;
'Twill quit me of my Promiſe to *Gonſalez.*

SCENE II.

KING, PEREZ.

PEREZ.

WHate'er it is, the King's Complexion turns.

King. How's this? My Mortal Foe beneath my Roof! [*Having read the Letter.*
O give me Patience, all ye Powers! no, rather
Give me new Rage, implacable Revenge,
And trebled Fury---- Ha! who's there?

Per. My Lord.

King. Hence, Slave! how dar'ſt thou bide, to watch and pry
Into how poor a thing a King deſcends;
How like thy ſelf, when Paſſion treads him down?
Ha! ſtir not, on thy Life: For thou wert fix'd,
And planted here to ſee me gorge this Bait,
And laſh againſt the Hook---- By Heav'n, you're all
Rank Traitors; thou art with the reſt combin'd;
Thou knew'ſt that *Oſmyn* was *Alphonſo*, knew'ſt
My Daughter privately with him confer'd;
And wert the Spy and Pandar to their Meeting.

Per. By all that's Holy, I'm amaz'd----

King. Thou ly'ſt.
Thou art Accomplice too with *Zara*; here
Where ſhe ſets down---*Still will I ſet thee free*--- [*Reading.*
That ſomewhere is repeated---*I have Power*
O'er *them that are thy Guards*---- Mark that, thou Traitor.

Per. It was your Majeſty's Command, I ſhould
Obey her Order.------

King. [*Reading.*] ----*And ſtill will I ſet*
Thee free, Alphonſo---- Hell! curs'd, curs'd *Alphonſo!*
Falſe and Perfidious *Zara!* Strumpet Daughter!
Away, be gone, thou feeble Boy, fond Love,

All

All Nature, Softneſs, Pity and Compaſſion,
This Hour I throw ye off, and entertain
Fell Hate within my Breaſt, Revenge and Gall.
By Heav'n, I'll meet, and counterwork this Treachery.
Hark thee, Villain, Traitor---- anſwer me, Slave.

Per. My Service has not merited thoſe Titles.

King. Dar'ſt thou reply? Take that---- thy Service? thine?
[*Strikes him.*
What's thy whole Life, thy Soul, thy All, to my
One Moment's Eaſe? Hear my Command; and look
That thou obey, or Horror on thy Head.
Drench me thy Dagger in *Alphonſo*'s Heart.
Why doſt thou ſtart? Reſolve, or----

Per. ---Sir, I will.

King. 'Tis well--- that when ſhe comes to ſet him free,
His Teeth may grin, and mock at her Remorſe.
[Perez *going.*
--- Stay thee---I've farther thought---- I'll add to this,
And give her Eyes yet greater Diſappointment:
When thou haſt ended him, bring me his Robe;
And let the Cell where ſhe'll expect to ſee him
Be darken'd, ſo as to amuſe the Sight.
I'll be conducted thither---- mark me well----
There with his Turbant, and his Robe aray'd,
And laid along as he now lies ſupine,
I ſhall convict her to her Face of Falſhood.
When for *Alphonſo*'s ſhe ſhall take my Hand,
And breathe her Sighs upon my Lips for his,
Sudden I'll ſtart, and daſh her with her Guilt.
But ſee ſhe comes; I'll ſhun th' Encounter; thou,
Follow me, and give heed to my Direction.

SCENE

SCENE III.

ZARA, SELIM.

ZARA.

THE Mute not yet return'd! ha, 'twas the King!
The King that parted hence! frowning he went;
His Eyes like Meteors roll'd, then darted down
Their red and angry Beams; as if his Sight
Would, like the raging Dog-ſtar, ſcorch the Earth,
And kindle Ruin in its Courſe. Doſt think
He ſaw me?

Sel. Yes: But then, as if he thought
His Eyes had err'd, he haſtily recall'd
Th' imperfect Look, and ſternly turn'd away.

Zara. Shun me when ſeen! I fear thou haſt undone me.
Thy Shallow Artifice begets Suſpicion,
And, like a Cobweb-Veil, but thinly ſhades
The Face of thy Deſign; alone diſguiſing
What ſhould have ne'er been ſeen; imperfect Miſchief!
Thou like the Adder, venomous and deaf,
Haſt ſtung the Traveller; and, after, hear'ſt
Not his purſuing Voice; ev'n where thou think'ſt
To hide, the ruſtling Leaves and bended Graſs
Confeſs, and point the Path which thou haſt crept.
O Fate of Fools, officious in contriving;
In Executing puzzled, lame and loſt.

Sel. Avert it Heav'n, that you ſhould ever ſuffer,
For my Defect: or that the Means which I
Devis'd to ſerve ſhould ruin your Deſign!
Preſcience is Heav'n's alone, not giv'n to Man.
If I have fail'd in what, as being Man,
I needs muſt fail; impute not as a Crime
My Nature's want, but puniſh Nature in me:
I plead not for a Pardon and to live,
But to be puniſh'd and forgiven. Here, ſtrike;
I bare my Breaſt to meet your juſt Revenge.

Zara, I have not Leiſure now to take ſo poor

A Forfeit as thy Life: Somewhat of high
And more important Fate requires my Thought.
When I've concluded on my ſelf, if I
Think fit, I'll leave thee my Command to die.
Regard me well; and dare not to reply
To what I give in Charge: For I'm reſolv'd.
Give Order, that the two remaining Mutes
Attend me inſtantly, with each a Bowl
Of ſuch Ingredients mix'd, as will with ſpeed
Benumn the living Faculties, and give
Moſt eaſy and inevitable Death.
Yes, *Oſmyn*, yes; be *Oſmyn* or *Alphonſo*,
I'll give the Freedom, if thou dar'ſt be free:
Such Liberty as I embrace my ſelf,
Thou ſhalt partake. Since Fates no more afford;
I can but die with thee to keep my Word.

SCENE IV.

SCENE *opening ſhews the Priſon.*

GONSALEZ *alone, diſguis'd like a Mute with a Dagger.*

GONSALEZ.

NOR Centinel, nor Guard! the Doors unbarr'd!
And all as ſtill, as at the Noon of Night!
Sure Death already has been buſy here.
There lies my Way, that Door too is unlock'd. [*Looks in.*
Ha! ſure he ſleeps---- all's dark within, ſave what
A Lamp, that feebly lifts a ſickly Flame,
By fits reveals---- his Face ſeems turn'd, to favour
Th' Attempt: I'll ſteal, and do it unperceiv'd.
What Noiſe! ſome body coming? 'ſt, *Alonzo?*
No body? Sure he'll wait without---I would
'Twere done---- I'll crawl, and ſting him to the Heart:
Then caſt my Skin, and leave it there to anſwer it. [*Goes in.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

GARCIA, ALONZO.

GARCIA.

WHere? where, *Alonzo?* where's my Father? where
The King? Confusion? all is on the Rout!
All's lost, all ruin'd by Surprise and Treachery.
Where, where is he? Why dost thou thus mis-lead me?
Alon. My Lord, he enter'd but a Moment since,
And cou'd not pass me unperceiv'd --- What hoa!
My Lord, my Lord, what, hoa! My Lord *Gonsalez.*

SCENE VI.

GARCIA, ALONZO, GONSALEZ *bloody.*

GONSALEZ.

PErdition choke your Clamours --- whence this Rudeness?
Garcia!
Gar. Perdition, Slavery, and Death,
Are entring now our Doors. Where is the King?
What means this Blood? and why this Face of Horror?
Gonf. No matter --- give me first to know the Cause
Of these your rash and ill-tim'd Exclamations.
Gar. The Eastern Gate is to the Foe betray'd,
Who, but for Heaps of Slain that choke the Passage,
Had enter'd long ere now, and born down all
Before 'em, to the Palace Walls. Unless
The King in Person animate our Men
Granada's lost; and to confirm this Fear,
The Traitor *Perez*, and the Captive *Moor*,
Are thro' a Postern fled, and join the Foe.
Gonf. Wou'd all were false as that; for whom you call
The *Moor* is dead. That *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*;
In whose Heart's Blood this Poniard yet is warm.

Gar. Impoſſible; for *Oſmyn* was, while flying,
Pronounc'd aloud by *Perez* for *Alphonſo*.

Gonſ. Enter that Chamber, and convince your Eyes,
How much Report has wrong'd your eaſy Faith.

[Garcia *goes in.*

Alon. My Lord, for certain Truth, *Perez* is fled;
And has declar'd the Cauſe of his Revolt,
Was to revenge a Blow the King had giv'n him.

Gar. [*returning.*] Ruin and Horror! O Heart-wounding Sight!

Gonſ. What ſays my Son? what Ruin? ha? what Horror?

Gar. Blaſted my Eyes, and ſpeechleſs be my Tongue,
Rather than or to ſee, or to relate
This Deed---O dire Miſtake! O fatal Blow!
The King-----

Gonſ. Alon. The King!

Gar. Dead, welt'ring, drown'd in Blood.
See, ſee, attir'd like *Oſmyn*, where he lies. [*They look in.*
O whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the Manner, or the Cauſe?
Nothing remains to do, or to require,
But that we all ſhould turn our Swords againſt
Our Selves, and expiate with our own his Blood.

Gonſ. O Wretch, O curs'd, and raſh, deluded Fool!
On me, on me, turn your avenging Sword.
I, who have ſpilt my Royal Maſter's Blood,
Shou'd make Atonement by a Death as horrid;
And fall beneath the Hand of my own Son.

Gar. Ha! what? atone this Murder with a greater!
The Horror of that Thought has damp'd my Rage.
The Earth already groans to bear this Deed;
Oppreſs her not, nor think to ſtain her Face
With more unnatural Blood. Murder my Father!
Better with this to rip up my own Bowels,
And bathe it to the Hilt, in far leſs damnable
Self-Murder.

Gonſ. O my Son! from the blind Dotage
Of a Father's Fondneſs theſe Ills aroſe;

For

For thee I've been ambitious, baſe, and bloody:
For thee I've plung'd into this Sea of Sin;
Stemming the Tide with only one weak Hand,
While t'other bore the Crown, (to wreath thy Brow)
Whoſe Weight has ſunk me ere I reach'd the Shore.

Gar. Fatal Ambition! Hark! the Foe is enter'd: [*Shout.*
The Shrilneſs of that Shrout ſpeaks 'em at Hand.
We have no time to ſearch into the Cauſe
Of this ſurpriſing and moſt fatal Error.
What's to be done? the King's Death known, will ſtrike
The few remaining Soldiers with Deſpair,
And make 'em yield to Mercy of the Conqueror.

Alon. My Lord, I've thought how to conceal the Body;
Require me not to tell the Means, till done,
Leſt you forbid what then you may approve.

[*Goes in. Shout.*

Gonſ. They ſhout again! Whate'er he means to do,
'Twere fit the Soldiers were amus'd with Hopes;
And in the mean time fed with Expectation
To ſee the King in Perſon at their Head.

Gar. Were it a Truth, I fear 'tis now too late.
But I'll omit no Care, nor Haſte; and try
Or to repel their Force, or bravely die.

SCENE VII.

GONSALEZ, ALONZO.

GONSALEZ.

WHAT haſt thou done, *Alonzo?*

Alon. Such a Deed
s but an Hour ago I'd not have done,
ho' for the Crown of univerſal Empire.
t what are Kings reduc'd to common Clay?
who can wound the Dead?---I've from the Body
ver'd the Head, and in an obſcure Corner
ſpos'd it, muffled in the Mute's Attire,

Leaving to View of them who enter next,
Alone the undiſtinguiſhable Trunk:
Which may be ſtill miſtaken by the Guards
For *Oſmyn*, if in ſeeking for the King
They chance to find it.
Gonſ. 'Twas an Act of Horror;
And of a Piece with this Day's dire Miſdeeds.
But 'tis no time to ponder or repent.
Haſte thee, *Alonzo*, haſte thee hence with ſpeed,
To aid my Son. I'll follow with the laſt
Reſerve, to re-inforce his Arms: At leaſt,
I ſhall make good, and ſhelter his Retreat.

SCENE VIII.

ZARA, *followed by* SELIM, *and two Mutes bearing the Bowls.*

ZARA.

Silence and Solitude are ev'ry where!
Thro' all the Gloomy Ways and Iron Doors
That hither lead, nor Human Face nor Voice
Is ſeen or heard. A dreadful Din was wont
To grate the Senſe, when enter'd here; from Grones
And Howls of Slaves condemn'd, from Clink of Chains,
And Craſh of ruſty Bars and creeking Hinges:
And ever and anon the Sight was daſh'd
With frightful Faces, and the meagre Looks
Of grim and ghaſtly Executioners.
Yet more this Stilneſs terrifies my Soul,
Than did that Scene of complicated Horrors:
It may be, that the Cauſe of this my Errand
And Purpoſe, being chang'd from Life to Death,
Has alſo wrought this chilling Change of Temper.
Or does my Heart bode more? what can it more
Than Death?
Let 'em ſet down the Bowls, and warn *Alphonſo*

That

That I am here--- ſo. You return and find
[*Mutes going in.*
The King; tell him, what he requir'd, I've done,
And wait his coming to approve the Deed.

SCENE IX.

ZARA *and* MUTES.

ZARA.

WHAT have you ſeen? Ha! wherefore ſtare you thus?
[*The Mutes return, and look affrighted.*
With hagard Eyes? why are your Arms a-croſs?
Your heavy and deſponding Heads hung down?
Why is't you more than ſpeak in theſe ſad Signs?
Give me more ample Knowledge of this Mourning.

They go to the Scene, which opening ſhe perceives the Body.

Ha! proſtrate! bloody! headleſs! O--- I'm loſt.
O *Oſmyn!* O *Alphonſo!* Cruel Fate!
Cruel, Cruel, O more than killing Object!
I came prepar'd to die, and ſee thee die---
Nay, came prepar'd my ſelf to give thee Death---
But cannot bear to find thee thus, my *Oſmyn*---
O this accurs'd, this baſe, this treach'rous King!

SCENE X.

ZARA, SELIM.

SELIM.

I'VE ſought in vain, for no where can the King
Be found---

Zara. Get thee to Hell, and ſeek him there. [*Stabs him.*
His helliſh Rage had wanted Means to act,
But for thy fatal and pernicious Counſel.

Sel. You thought it better then --- but I'm rewarded.
The Mute you ſent, by ſome Miſchance was ſeen,
And forc'd to yield your Letter with his Life:
I found the dead and bloody Body ſtripp'd -----
My Tongue falters, and my Voice fails --- I ſink ---
Drink not the Poiſon --- for *Alphonſo* is --- [*Dies.*

Zara. As thou art now --- And I ſhall quickly be.
'Tis not that he is dead; for 'twas decreed
We both ſhould die. Nor, is't that I ſurvive;
I have a certain Remedy for that.
But Oh, he dy'd unknowing in my Heart.
He knew I lov'd, but knew not to what Height:
Nor that I meant to fall before his Eyes,
A Martyr and a Victim to my Vows:
Inſenſible of this laſt Proof he's gone.
Yet Fate alone can rob his mortal Part
Of Senſe: His Soul ſtill ſees, and knows each Purpoſe,
And fix'd Event of my perſiſting Faith.
Then, wherefore do I pauſe? --- give me the Bowl.
[*A Mute kneels and gives one of the Bowls.*
Hover a Moment, yet, thou gentle Spirit,
Soul of my Love, and I will wait thy Flight.
This to our mutual Bliſs when join'd above. [*Drinks.*
O friendly Draught, already in my Heart.
Cold, cold; my Veins are Icicles and Froſt.
I'll creep into his Boſom, lay me there;
Cover us cloſe --- or I ſhall chill his Breaſt,
And fright him from my Arms --- See, ſee, he ſlides
Still further from me; look, he hides his Face,
I cannot feel it --- quite beyond my reach.
O now he's gone, and all is dark --- [*Dies.*
[*The Mutes kneel and mourn over her.*

SCENE XI.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, MUTES, &c.

ALMERIA.

O Let me ſeek him in this horrid Cell;
For in the Tomb, or Priſon, I alone
Muſt hope to find him.
Leon. Heav'ns! what diſmal Scene
Of Death is this? The Eunuch *Selim* ſlain!
Alm. Shew me, for I am come in ſearch of Death;
But want a Guide; for Tears have dim'd my Sight.
Alm. Alas, a little farther, and behold
Zara all pale and dead! two frightful Men,
Who ſeem the Murderers, kneel weeping by:
Feeling Remorſe too late for what they've done.
But O forbear——lift up your Eyes no more;
But haſte away, fly from this fatal Place,
Where Miſeries are multiply'd; return,
Return and look not on; for there's a Dagger
Ready to ſtab the Sight, and make your Eyes
Rain Blood——
Alm. O I foreknow, foreſee that Object.
Is it at laſt then ſo? Is he then dead?
What dead at laſt, quite, quite, for ever dead?
There, there I ſee him; there he lies, the Blood
Yet bubbling from his Wounds——O more than Savage!
Had they, or Hearts, or Eyes, that did this Deed?
Could Eyes endure to guide ſuch cruel Hands?
Are not my Eyes guilty alike with theirs,
That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to Stone?
——I do not weep! The Springs of Tears are dry'd;
And of a ſudden I am calm, as if
All Things were well; and yet my Husband's murder'd!
Yes, yes, I know to mourn! I'll Sluce this Heart,
The Source of Woe, and let the Torrent looſe.
——Thoſe Men have left to weep! they look on me!

I hope they murder all on whom they look.
Behold me well; your bloody Hands have err'd,
And wrongfully have ſlain thoſe Innocents:
I am the Sacrifice deſign'd to bleed;
And come prepar'd to yield my Throat---they ſhake
Their Heads, in ſign of Grief and Innocence!
[*They point at the Bowl on the Ground.*
And point! what mean they? Ha! a Cup. O well
I underſtand what Medicine has been here.
O noble Thirſt! yet greedy, to drink all------
-------Oh for another Draught of Death------What
mean they? [*They point at the other Cup.*
Ha! point again? 'tis there, and full, I hope.
Thanks to the liberal Hand that fill'd thee thus;
I'll drink my glad Acknowledgment------
Leon. O hold
For Mercy's ſake; upon my Knee I beg------
Alm. With thee the kneeling World ſhould beg in vain.
Seeſt thou not there? behold who proſtrate lies,
And pleads againſt thee? who ſhall then prevail?
Yet I will take a cold and parting Leave,
From his pale Lips; I'll kiſs him, ere I drink,
Leſt the rank Juice ſhou'd bliſter on my Mouth,
And ſtain the Colour of my laſt Adieu.
Horror! a headleſs Trunk! nor Lips nor Face,
[*Coming nearer the Body, ſtarts and lets fall the Cup.*
But ſpouting Veins, and mangled Fleſh! O, oh!

SCENE *the laſt.*

ALMERIA, LEONORA, ALPHONSO, HELI, PEREZ, *with* GARCIA *Priſoner, Guards and Attendants.*

ALPHONSO.

AWAY, ſtand off, where is ſhe? let me fly,
Save her from Death; and ſnatch her to my Heart.
Alm. Oh!

Alph.

Alph. Forbear; my Arms alone ſhall hold her up,
Warm her to Life, and wake her into Gladneſs.
O let me talk to thy reviving Senſe,
The Words of Joy and Peace; warm thy cold Beauties,
With the new-flushing Ardour of my Cheek;
Into thy Lips, pour the ſoft trickling Balm
Of cordial Sighs; and reinſpire thy Boſom
With the Breath of Love. Shine, awake, *Almeria*,
Give a new Birth to thy long-ſhaded Eyes,
Then double on the Day reflected Light.

Alm. Where am I? Heav'n! what does this Dream intend?

Alph. O may'ſt thou never dream of leſs Delight,
Nor ever wake to leſs ſubſtantial Joys.

Alm. Giv'n me again from Death! O all ye Pow'rs
Confirm this Miracle! Can I believe
My Sight, againſt my Sight? and ſhall I truſt
That Senſe, which in one Inſtant ſhews him dead
And living? Yes, I will; I've been abus'd
With Apparitions and affrighting Fantoms:
This is my Lord, my Life, my only Husband;
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My Father too ſhall have Compaſſion.——

Alph. O my Heart's Comfort; 'tis not giv'n to this
Frail Life, to be entirely bleſs'd. Even now,
In this extremeſt Joy my Soul can taſte,
Yet am I daſh'd to think that thou muſt weep;
Thy Father fell, where he deſign'd my Death.
Gonſalez and *Alonzo* both of Wounds
Expiring, have with their laſt Breath confeſs'd
The juſt Decrees of Heav'n, which on themſelves
Has turn'd their own moſt bloody Purpoſes,
Nay, I muſt grant, 'tis fit you ſhou'd be thus——

[*She weeps.*

Let 'em remove the Body from her Sight.
Ill-fated *Zara*! Ha! a Cup? Alas!
Thy Error then is plain; but I were Flint
Not to o'erflow in Tribute to thy Memory.

O Garcia! ——
Whose Virtue has renounc'd thy Father's Crimes;
Seest thou, how just the Hand of Heav'n has been?
Let us, who thro' our Innocence survive,
Still in the Paths of Honour persevere,
And not from past or present Ills despair:
For Blessings ever wait on virtuous Deeds;
And tho' a late, a sure Reward succeeds. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

THE Tragedy thus done, I am, you know,
No more a Princeſs; but in ſtatu quo:
And now as unconcern'd this Mourning wear,
As if indeed a Widow, or an Heir.
I've Leiſure, now, to mark your ſev'ral Faces,
And know each Critick by his ſour Grimaces.
To poiſon Plays, I ſee ſome where they ſit,
Scatter'd, like Rats-bane, up and down the Pit;
While others watch like Pariſh-Searchers hir'd
To tell of what Diſeaſe the Play expir'd.
O with what Joy they run to ſpread the News
Of a damn'd Poet, and departed Muſe!
But if he 'ſcape, with what Regret they're ſeiz'd!
And how they're diſappointed, when they're pleas'd!
Criticks to Plays for the ſame End reſort,
That Surgeons wait on Trials in a Court;
For Innocence condemn'd they've no Reſpect,
Provided they've a Body to diſſect.
As Suſſex *Men, that dwell upon the Shore,*
Look out when Storms ariſe, and Billows rore,
Devoutly praying, with uplifted Hands,
That ſome well-laden Ship may ſtrike the Sands;

To

EPILOGUE.

To whose rich Cargo they may make Pretence,
And fatten on the Spoils of Providence:
So Criticks throng to see a New Play split,
And thrive and prosper on the Wrecks of Wit.
Small Hope our Poet from these Prospects draws,
And therefore to the Fair commends his Cause.
Your tender Hearts to Mercy are inclin'd,
With whom, he hopes, this Play will Favour find,
Which was an Off'ring to the Sex design'd.